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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

PÉTAIN AND PERSHING

JEAN DE PIERREFEU, discussing in 'G.Q.G.' the personal traits of General Pétain, says that officer's relations with the Americans were very cordial, adding:

> General Pershing pleased General Pétain greatly. He was the only man who succeeded in causing him a real surprise. General Pershing's originality and whimsicality did, indeed, possess a certain quality of surprise. He never would conform with the conventional manners and customs of other people. He would make an appointment to dine with Pétain at six o'clock and turn up calmly as if nothing had happened at midnight, after telephoning him not to lose patience. I am told that he arrived one day to meet a very high personage — a sovereign. When Pershing's train was drawing into the railway station, in front of which the interview was to occur, and where the august personage was already waiting, the General was observed standing near a window, in his shirt sleeves, shaving. The station master, in dismay, had the train immediately backed out of the station and delayed its official entry until the General's toilet was finished.

Among the anecdotes in this book is an account of a very formal military ceremony where President Poincaré made an address, and Clemenceau was in attendance. The latter completely won the heart of the officers by his vivacity and boundless flow of humor. He left the Court of Honor, wearing his little round hat, in company with the president. As they were about to enter their auto, Poincaré opened the door, and stepping aside said to the premier: 'Please get in.' The latter replied: 'I will do nothing of the kind.' 'Please do,' insisted the president again, whereupon Clemenceau, as sprightly as a youth, with two springs was on the side of the machine and climbing in the opposite door, while the president, astonished at his sudden disappearance, looked around for him. Clemenceau shouted with laughter, delighted at his joke.

LLOYD GEORGE SENESCENS

A LITTLE book entitled *The Mirror of Downing Street*, by an anonymous author, has aroused exceptional interest in England on account of its trenchant description of Lloyd George. His career is traced from the time when he arrived in London, so poor that he shared not only his room but his bed at Gray's Inn with a Welsh compatriot, whose income was no larger than his own, but whose expenses were less, because the future Premier was already a member of parliament — an honor to which, as our readers will recall, no salary was attached. This early roommate, who later became the private secretary of

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one of the Premier's colleagues, insists that the future statesman's most eloquent orations were never delivered in parliament or before the public, but were the outpourings of his soul indicting the world's injustice, in that modest lodging, during the days when both were so straitened as actually at times to feel the pangs of hunger. To-day, this author says, the premier's early love of the parliamentary tribune has disappeared. His joy of combat revives after he has actually entered the lists; but it is now difficult to induce him to take up the gage of battle. He is a wearied man; not only physically, but mentally. Had he been capable of sustaining the pace — and the ideals — with which he set out in his youth, he might have been the greatest man in British history. 'But his love of ease and cynicism have conquered him. To recline in the deepest of easy chairs, smoking a cigar, with Miss Megan Lloyd George and some witty public man for company, suits him better to-day than to discuss seriously the most inspiring ideals or the most urgent problems facing the Great Empire.' Naturally this book has been received with unusual interest in France.

A BEETHOVEN EXHIBITION

THE one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Beethoven's birth was celebrated in Vienna by an exhibition in the halls of the City Museum, at which some five hundred of his musical manuscripts and various personal mementoes were displayed. Among the latter was an hitherto unfamiliar miniature dating from 1802, and a programme of his first concert in Vienna, bearing the title: *A New Concert on the Piano Forte*, played by Master Ludwig von Beethoven, and consisting of his own compositions. Newspapers in Germany as well as Austria have published many articles apropos of the occasion; but none which has come to our notice has the personal interest of the French description of the great composer which we print in this issue.

PALESTINE

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Joffa to the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* late in November, says that conditions in Palestine are in marked contrast with those north of the boundary in Syria, where the French authorities have incurred the bitter hatred of the natives, and outbreaks, unrest, and disaffection are universal. An Arab who, in course of conversation in a Tyre coffee house, mentioned the possibility that the city might be annexed to Palestine, was immediately arrested and jailed. The French authorities are said to be strongly anti-Semite and to have suppressed the Hebrew-Arabic newspaper at Damascus.

On the other hand, Sir Herbert Samuels' labors in Palestine are highly commended. His three great tasks have been to organize a reliable body of police and reëstablish order throughout the interior, to improve roads and other means of communication, and to provide a system of public schools. The first task has been practically accomplished. Means of communication have been improved and there is already direct telephone connection *via* the Suez Canal with Egypt. Palestine has one hundred and ten thousand children of school age, of whom ninety per cent have never received instruction of any kind. The government has undertaken to establish a public school in every village, and to make attendance compulsory. One great difficulty is to overcome Mohammedan objections to the education of girls. This sentiment is so strong that it is considered expedient to confine the first educational work to boys.

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LITHUANIAN OPINION

A LETTER from a correspondent in Kovno to the *Journal de Genève* confirms the account of conditions and sentiment in the part of Lithuania occupied by Zeligowsky which we publish this week. This informant says:

> In general, after what I have seen and heard during the last fifteen months in Lithuania, traveling through the whole country from east to west and north to south, by rail, by auto, on horseback, and on foot, conversing in Lithuanian and Polish with the people, I am profoundly convinced that a plebiscite will not solve the difficulty. There is not a Lithuanian in the country who will tolerate the idea of surrendering his capital. There is not one who does not feel outraged at the simple suggestion of submitting to a popular vote the destiny of a city which he venerates as the centre of his nation. I have met in the vast forests of this land simple peasants who never saw Vilna; who could not read or write, and yet they spoke with enthusiasm of that city as an embodiment of their national ideals. By holding a plebiscite we are violating the sacred rights and profoundest sentiment of this nation. If it loses Vilna, we shall inevitably have chaos, revolution, and war. I should add that not only Lithuanians who talk that language, but the people who speak Polish, are equally opposed to having Vilna annexed to Poland. Many and many a Polish speaking citizen has told me that in spite of his language he felt himself a son of Lithuania. Vilna is the religious centre of Lithuania, as much as Lourdes is of France, or Einsiedeln of Switzerland. Incorporated in Poland, Vilna will be a miserable provincial frontier town. Left in Lithuania, it will be the magnificent capital of the border nation between Oriental and Occidental Europe.

BERLIN'S NEW CITY TAX

AMONG the new taxes contemplated by the Berlin Municipal Council is a graduated house and tenement tax upon rooms in excess of the number 'normally required' by the persons belonging to the establishment of the occupier. There is no tax on one room beyond 'normal need'; for two rooms, the tax is 500 marks, with 500 marks additional for every room up to four above the normal. For five surplus rooms, the tax is 5000 marks; for six surplus rooms 10,000, with 5000 marks additional for each room in excess of that number. If one household occupies several houses, the total number of rooms will be added together in assessing the tax. A tax similar in principle will be levied upon the employment of domestic servants, graduated up to a maximum of 2000 marks for the employment of a fourth servant, and for each additional servant above that number.

A NEW AUSTRALIAN STRIKE LAW

AUSTRALIA has passed an 'Industrial Peace Act' which is reported practically to have superseded the Federal Arbitration Law. It seems, however, to have brought additional trouble to the Commonwealth. One of the first tribunals appointed under it, was charged with fixing the wages of coal miners. It granted increases to the employees not only of the New South Wales collieries, but of the lignite mines of Victoria, which are open-cut workings above ground. The State government of Victoria contests the right of the Federal tribunal to give a decision in this instance. As a result, not only have the Victoria coal workers struck, but the miners in New South Wales have refused to mine coal intended for consumption in Victoria. The situation is complicated by the fact that the pay of miners in Victoria is fixed by a State Minimum Wage Board.

PROSPERITY IN SAXONY

A CORRESPONDENT of the Swiss *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, writing from Dresden early in December, emphasizes two facts: the great suffering among the students, some of whom are obliged to take shelter at night in railway stations, where on several occasions they have fainted from lack of food, and the revival of industrial activity after the

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late depression. Referring to this brighter side of the picture the correspondent says:

The business situation here must be characterized as favorable. Wherever I have been, I have seen evidences of a revival. I frequently hear confident and optimistic prophecies, and the people have the feeling: 'In spite of everything we are getting ahead.' The number of unemployed has declined rapidly. Hundreds of thousands are back at work, especially in textile factories, which have orders enough to keep them busy until next spring. These are not foreign commissions likely to be imperilled by a sudden fall in the mark, but orders for home consumers. The coal mines are in active operation, and the supply of potatoes, which fell off disastrously when Posen was separated from Germany, is now guaranteed by increased acreage at home. There is still a keenly felt shortage of meat and fats.

BELGIAN FRENCH RELATIONS

An irritating incident has disturbed the good relations between France and Belgium, due to the rather officious advice which the French ambassador ventured to give to the latter country during a recent public address. Last year the two governments concluded a military convention, the terms of which, it may be recalled, they refused to communicate to the League of Nations, as their obligation under the League Covenant was supposed to require them to do. The agreement itself was a very natural precaution on Belgium's part, because that country, unlike Switzerland, had surrendered the neutrality which was supposed to have been guaranteed it before the war. Belgium signed this convention, however, with the tacit understanding that a commercial convention should accompany it. France has neglected to conclude the latter, and has enacted laws which the Belgian government believes discriminates against its commerce. For instance, France levies a surtax on imports reaching France *via* foreign countries, in order apparently to favor Strasbourg against Antwerp. This question and other subjects of friction were alluded to during a reception at the French Embassy in Brussels. The ambassador made an impromptu speech, in which he ventured to give Belgium advice regarding its domestic affairs, and especially regarding the size of its army, which he considered too small. This has been much resented in that country.

MINOR NOTES

In 1920, the commercial air routes in regular use in France covered about 2700 miles, over which 6750 passengers, 5210 kilograms of mail matter, and 103,330 kilograms of express were transported. There was one accident for every 100,000 kilometres traversed.

Osaka *Mainichi* refers to Stoddard's 'Rising Tide of Color' with a statement that its editor does not propose to comment on the views expressed in the book, but that they are worthy of attention. 'No one can readily subscribe to the future of the whites in Asia pictured by Mr. Stoddard, and it is also doubtful whether the growth of colored races will be proportionate to the decline of the whites.'

We are indebted to *L'Opinion* for the following anecdote apropos of the visit of the Crown Prince of Roumania to the United States. A group of reporters asked his opinion of American newspapers, expecting, of course, a flattering reply. The Prince's comment was: 'I think the American papers very poor affairs. For instance, this morning they devoted two columns to the funeral of a baseball player, and only fifteen lines to the Bolshevist defeat before Warsaw.'

The advances made by the French government for reconstructing its devastated departments, which amount al-

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ready to twenty-five billion francs, have been expended in placing industrial and agricultural undertakings on a productive footing, and very little is left for rebuilding habitations in the devastated regions. Some three hundred thousand houses were totally destroyed during the war, and two hundred and sixty thousand others rendered uninhabitable. French contractors have raised a cry of alarm against the principle of permitting Germany to pay in kind for the reparation she owes, as such an arrangement deprives them of money to meet their running expenses.

In their annual reviews at the close of the year, the German papers generally agreed that marked progress had been made toward political stability and firmer established democratic institutions, but that as yet, there is no observable betterment in economic conditions. Public finance and currency are as unsound as ever. Economic policies are still dominated by programmes of socialization, which are kept to the front by a majority of the voters, who are loyal to Socialist theories.

Reviewing events in Great Britain during 1920 and prospects for 1921, the London *Statist* says that the past year has witnessed 'the first tangible signs of a return to sounder financial methods, after five and a half years of almost uninterrupted inflation. The year 1919 was a period of reorganization of industry after its war displacements, and 1920 was a period of an analogous reorganization in the domain of finance. Capital is beginning to be restored, production is increasing, prices are declining; at least speculation is being checked.'

In the recent French senatorial campaign the Radicals were bitterly attacked because two of their prominent leaders, Caillaux and Malvy, are alleged to have sympathized with Germany during the war. It will be recalled that the old Radical Party in France was strongly pacifist, anti-militarist, and anti-clerical.

A dramatic incident occurred at the Tours Convention of the French Socialist Party, which decided by a large majority to join the Moscow International. Clara Zetkin, a member of the German Reichstag and a leader of the extremists in that body, suddenly appeared in the Congress and spoke passionately in favor of an alliance with the Bolsheviki. Clara Zetkin lived in France for seven years and is reported by a writer of *L'Humanité* to speak French fluently. Apparently the French authorities have not yet discovered, or at least made public, the route by which she reached Tours and returned to Germany.

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[*Le Temps* (Paris Semi-Official Opportunist Daily), *January 14*]

ON THE EVE OF THE WAR

BY MAURICE PALÉOLOGUE

[This description, by the former French ambassador to Petrograd, of his personal experience in Russia on the eve of the war, is part of a longer article recently published in *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The ambassador reports the discussions he had with M. Briand and M. Viviani in June 1914, when he was summoned to Paris to talk over the details of President Poincaré's trip to Russia. He advised these two statesmen then that war was inevitable and imminent. His interview with M. Viviani was particularly impressive.]

'In any case,' I said, 'even if my presentiments are too pessimistic, we must strengthen our alliances as much as possible. It is of prime importance to get a firm understanding with England. We must be able to count upon the immediate help of its fleet and army.'

When I finished my account of the situation, Viviani again passed his hand over his eyes, and regarding me with an anxious air, asked:

'Can you suggest to me, even hypothetically, how soon you believe tension will reach the breaking point, and the tempest will be upon us?'

'It is impossible to state an exact date. However, I shall be surprised if the strain under which Europe is at present, does not reach the breaking point almost at once.'

Suddenly Viviani's attitude changed. His features were illumined with an almost mystical radiance. He braced back his shoulders:

'Well and good. If come it must, we shall do our duty. France will prove itself what it always has been, capable of any call upon its heroism and sacrifice. We shall see again the great days of 1792!'

The ambassador describes in detail President Poincaré's visit to Tsar Nicolas in July 1914. Shortly before the president's arrival, Nicolas II had an interview with the ambassador, in which he emphasized his desire for peace.

After the usual interchange of courtesies, the Tsar expressed his gratification at the prospective visit of the president, saying:

'We'll have serious things to talk about. I am sure we shall be in complete accord. But there is one question which is particularly occupying my mind: our understanding with England. We must forge that into an alliance. That will be a guaranty of peace!'

'Yes, sire, the triple Entente cannot be too strong, if it is to insure peace.'

'I'm told that you are personally alarmed as to Germany's intentions?'

Was he alluding to my offer to resign during my last visit at Paris? I did not know.

'Alarmed? Yes, sire, I am alarmed, although I have at present no reason to predict immediate war. But Kaiser Wilhelm and his government have fostered a state of mind in Germany which will make it impossible for that country to draw back or negotiate if

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any dispute arise, whether in Morocco, the Orient, or elsewhere. They must have their way at any cost. To get their way they will risk a war.'

The Tsar pondered a moment:

'I cannot believe that Kaiser Wilhelm wishes war. If you only knew him as well as I do! If you knew how much charlatanism there is in his poses!'

'Perhaps I am taking Kaiser Wilhelm too seriously in fancying that he desires, or even that he would passively accept, the consequences of his own challenging policy. But if a war were to threaten, could he prevent it? No, sire; honestly I do not think he could.'

The Tsar was silent a moment, and puffed his cigarette. Then he remarked in a firm voice:

'This makes it all the more important that we should be able to count on the English in case of a crisis. Germany would never dare to attack Russia, France, and England together, unless it had completely lost its reason.'

After President Poincaré's departure, the Tsar described his last interview with him to the French ambassador:

Asking me to sit down with him on the aft deck of his yacht, the Tsar related his conversation with Poincaré:

'I was delighted with my talk with your president. We were in perfect agreement. I am no less a pacifist than he, and he is as determined as I am to do everything possible to preserve peace. He suspects that Austria and Germany are designing something against Serbia, and believes that we must meet it by joint diplomatic action. I stand with him there. We must be both resolute and united in dealing with this question, and in discovering ways to settle it amicably. The more difficult it proves to be, the more urgent it is for us to be united and firm.'

'Such a policy seems to me wisdom itself. I fear that we shall have to apply it very soon.'

'You continue to be alarmed?'

'Yes, sire.'

'Have you further grounds for your disquieting anticipations?'

'I have at least one — the unexpected return of my colleague Szapary (the Austro-Hungarian ambassador at Petrograd), and the cold hostile reserve he manifested the day before yesterday toward our president. Germany and Austria are preparing an explosion for us.'

'What can they want? To win a diplomatic victory at the cost of Serbia? To inflict a reverse on the triple Entente? No, no! In spite of all appearances, Kaiser Wilhelm is too prudent to embark his country in such a mad adventure. And the Emperor Francis-Joseph only wants to die in peace.'

The ambassador reports several interviews which he had with Sassonoff, at that time Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs. Under the date of July 24, he writes:

At half-past twelve, Sassonoff and Buchanan (the British ambassador), met at my house to talk over the situation. Our discussion was interrupted by luncheon, but was resumed immediately after that. Basing my arguments upon the toasts exchanged by the Tsar and the president, upon the reciprocal declarations of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs of the two countries, and last of all upon yesterday's *communiquée* to the Havas agency, I advocated unhesitatingly a firmer policy.

'But if that policy should involve us in war?' said Sassonoff.

'It will not involve us in war unless the Germanic powers have already made up their mind to employ force

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to assert their supremacy in south-eastern Europe. Firmness does not exclude conciliation. Still, our adversary must be willing to negotiate and to give and take. You know my personal ideas as to Germany's designs. The Austrian ultimatum seems to me to precipitate the dangerous crisis which I have foreseen for a considerable period. From now on, we shall have to assume that war may break out at any moment. That possibility must be kept in view in every diplomatic move we make.'

Buchanan suggested the possibility that his government would remain neutral. He feared in that case, that France and Russia might be crushed by the Triple Alliance.

Sassonoff objected:

'As matters stand now, England's neutrality would be equivalent to suicide.'

'You do not understand our present government's leaders,' replied Sir George sadly. 'Ah! if the conservative party were in power, I am sure that with all the evidence we now possess it would comprehend what our national interests dictate.'

I emphasized the decisive part England might play in cooling off Germany's belligerent ardor. I cited the opinion that the Tsar expressed to me four days previously: 'Germany would never dare to attack Russia, France, and England together, unless it had completely lost its reason.' Therefore, it was urgent that the British government should formally identify itself with our cause, which was the cause of peace. Sassonoff spoke warmly in support of my position.

A little later, M. Paléologue had a conversation with Sassonoff, just after the latter had concluded a very lively interview with Count Pourtalès, the German ambassador.

'Do you know what he had the presumption to say to me?' said Sassonoff. 'He blamed me and all us Russians for not loving Austria, and for troubling without scruple the last years of its venerable emperor. I replied: "Of course we don't love Austria. Why should we love it? It has never done anything but injure us. As to its venerable emperor, he owes the fact that he still wears his crown to us. Please bear in mind the way he thanked us for that in 1855, in 1878, and in 1908! To blame us for not loving Austria is, I must say, a little too much!"'

'That is unfortunate, my dear Minister. If negotiations between Petrograd and Berlin continue on that basis, they will not last very long. We shall soon see Kaiser Wilhelm donning his "shining armor." Please be calm. Leave no means for a peaceful settlement untried: Remember that my government is a government of public opinion, and that we cannot do anything without public opinion behind us. Last of all, bear in mind also English opinion.'

'I will do everything possible to avoid war. But, like you, I am very much disturbed by the turn things have taken.'

'May I assure my government that you have not ordered any military measures?'

'None, I assure you. We have merely decided to withdraw quietly eighty million rubles which we had on deposit in German banks.'

Next comes the account of a conversation on July 28, 1914, almost at the hour of the crisis, between our ambassador and Pourtalès, the German ambassador.

At three o'clock that afternoon I went to the Foreign Office. Buchanan was in conference with Sassonoff.

The German ambassador was wait-

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ing his turn to be received. I addressed him frankly:

'Well, have you decided to calm down your ally? You alone are in a position to make Austria listen to prudent counsel.'

He protested in a jerky voice:

'Here is where the calming should be done. You should stop exciting Serbia.'

'I pledge you my word of honor that the Russian government is perfectly calm and is ready to agree on a conciliatory programme. But don't ask it to let Serbia be annihilated. That would be asking an impossibility.'

He replied drily: 'We cannot abandon our ally.'

'My dear colleague, let me speak frankly. It is a serious moment, and I think we have sufficient regard for each other personally to entitle me to be very frank. Unless the controversy between Austria and Serbia is pacified in a day or two, we shall have war. It will be a world war; such a catastrophe as the world has perhaps never seen. Such a calamity can still be avoided, since the Russian government desires peace, the British government desires peace, and your government also claims to desire peace.'

At these words Pourtalès burst out:

'Yes indeed, I call God to witness! Germany wants peace! For forty-three years we have been safeguarding European peace. For forty-three years it has been a point of honor with us not to abuse our strength! And yet people accuse us to-day of wishing to unchain the dogs of war! History will prove that right is on our side, and that our conscience is free from blame.'

'Have you already reached the point where you must appeal to the judgment of history? Is n't there then any chance of safety left?'

Pourtalès was so choked by emotion that he could not speak. His hands trembled; his eyes were filled with tears. Shaking with repressed anger he repeated:

'We cannot abandon, we shall not abandon our ally. No, we shall not abandon her!'

Just at this moment the British ambassador came out of Sassonoff's office. Pourtalès rushed in, his face suffused with anger, without even shaking Buchanan's hand as they passed.

Sir George paused to say: 'What a state he is in! The situation is worse than ever. I do not doubt but what Russia will go to the limit. She is thoroughly in earnest. I have just appealed to Sassonoff not to permit any military act which Germany might interpret as a provocation. We must throw on Germany the whole responsibility for initiating any attack. English public opinion will never consent to war, unless Germany is clearly the aggressor. Please emphasize this to Sassonoff.'

'I will do precisely what you suggest.'

At this moment the Austrian ambassador arrived. He was very pale. His stiff attitude toward us was in marked contrast with his ordinary engaging and courteous affability. Buchanan and I tried to get him to talk.

I asked, 'Have you received better news from Vienna? Can you tell us something reassuring?'

'No, I know nothing new. The mill is grinding.' Without attempting to explain further, he repeated his apocalyptic metaphor: 'The mill is grinding.'

Finally, on July 29, Russia took its first military measures.

At eleven o'clock that night, Nicolas Alexandrovich Basily, Vice-Director of the Chancery of the Russian Foreign Office, presented himself at my em-

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bassy. He reported to me that the commanding tone which the German ambassador adopted that afternoon had determined the Russian government: first, to order that night the mobilization of thirteen army corps against Austria-Hungary; second, to start secretly a general mobilization.

The last order made me jump: 'It is not possible to limit yourself, provisionally at least, to a partial mobilization?'

'No. The question has been thoroughly gone over by a council of our highest officers. They recognize that under present conditions the Russian government has no choice between partial mobilization and general mobilization; for partial mobilization is technically impossible without throwing the machinery for a general mobilization entirely out of joint. Consequently, if we confine ourselves to-day to the mobilization of thirteen army corps against Austria, and Germany should decide to-morrow to come to the military aid of its ally, we would be powerless to defend our frontiers on the Poland and East Prussia border. Is n't France as interested as we are in having us able to intervene promptly against Germany?'

'You are appealing to very strong arguments. I hope, nevertheless, that your General Staff will not take any measures before conferring with the French General Staff. Please tell Sassonoff for me that I wish to urge this most seriously upon him, and that I would like his reply this very night.'

[*Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Francophile Conservative Liberal Daily), *January 1*]

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL

BY WALTHER RATHENAU

[Walther Rathenau, president of the German General Electric Company and Chairman of the Imperial Raw Materials Board during the war, is one of the most brilliant and radical economic theorists in Germany, and his numerous books and tractates on economic and social topics are widely read, not only in his own country, but also abroad.]

HAD economic science not failed completely in dealing with this subject, public opinion would already have been clarified as to the ultimate cause of our depreciated currency.

Until we settle that, we cannot act intelligently regarding any other public question. Two answers are possible, which lead to two diametrically opposite methods of handling our domestic and foreign problems. A false solution will carry us farther from our goal with every step we take.

Our nation is like a man facing death from two diseases. A quack will recognize that each is dangerous, but he will not inquire which is the more dangerous, and will treat the symptoms first of one and then of the other, thereby merely aggravating the patient's condition. On the other hand, a skilled physician will first ascertain the funda-

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mental cause of both diseases, and devote himself to removing that, even at the cost of temporarily aggravating superficial symptoms.

We all know that inflation and an unfavorable balance of trade coöperate to depreciate our money. We have hardly begun to inquire which of these is the fundamental evil, and which the secondary.

A shallow but attractive theory has been propounded by men who base their claims to being authorities in economics chiefly on their practical knowledge of the provisions trade. They insist that when business pays high profits the nation is prosperous; they overlook that nowhere else does business return so high a rate of profit as in backward and ruined countries.

Others say: Just stop printing bank-notes and things will get better. How are you to do it? Well, economize. What do you mean by economizing? The government must cut down its expenses. People must work more and spend less.

Quite possibly more work could be done and less money might be spent by some government departments. But is it feasible to cut off unemployment relief? Is it possible to lower domestic freight rates by raising rates on articles exported? Is it possible to cease buying grain abroad, and to increase the price of bread at home? Is it possible to pay from taxes alone interest on the public debt, reparation claims, and current government expenses? Is it possible to discontinue supporting our public schools, and scientific and religious institutions? Let us assume that all this is possible. Aye, that it has been accomplished. We would have, as a result, increased unemployment, higher prices, famine, revolt, demoralization of the public service — but the value of our money would rise. We might temporarily accomplish that. We are leaving out of account, however, that factories must curtail operations in exact proportion with the decline of our export trade.

Does that secure the real object we are seeking?

No. For the value of our money would immediately begin to fall again.

We have forgotten to take into consideration the balance of trade. We have forgotten that when we woke up on New Year's day this year, we knew only one thing certainly as to our future: that we could live out the year only by managing to procure food stuffs and raw materials from abroad to the value of about five billion marks in gold — and to pay for them. Five billion marks in gold, however, are at a moderate estimate fifty billion marks in paper, and fifty billion marks represent the product of about four hours' work a day in all our industrial establishments.

Have people ever stopped to figure this out? Our industries employ some eight million workers. They labor annually about sixteen billion working hours. Under our present defective industrial organization, they produce goods to the value of about one hundred billion paper marks. One half of this sum must be devoted to purchasing abroad indispensable food stuffs, textile fibres, and metals; ten, or perhaps twenty, billion will inevitably be wasted in the purchase of superfluous and injurious foreign luxuries. Thirty billion it is proposed to collect for us each year as a minimum payment to our enemies. This leaves nothing whatever for housing, clothing, tools, and implements, and the support of the government.

As a matter of fact, we have not supported ourselves since the war ended. We have consumed more than we have produced, and have made up the balance from the proceeds of such

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previous property as we could sell, and by the loans we were able to worm out of our creditors.

So, assuming we did succeed by the utmost sacrifice in stabilizing the value of our money, or even in increasing its value, it would start at once to depreciate again, because we must buy goods, and we have nothing with which to pay for them. Importers, of course, fancy things would readjust themselves some way; for their business would be profitable, and free competition is in their imagination a universal panacea.

Men are utterly mistaken, who assure us that we can reconstruct business and restore the value of our money by limiting our expenses to a minimum, levying the highest possible taxes, making our budgets balance, and stopping the emission of paper money. Those measures would do us both great harm and great good; but they would not save the situation.

Let me say in passing, that efforts to 'consolidate' our public debt by a forced loan will prove useless and do injury. Such illusory measures may reduce for a moment our nominal indebtedness. It is easy to manipulate capital and credit; but it makes no real difference whether we must pay an inexorable debt in June or in September.

This problem may be stated with workable accuracy in the form of figures. We can demonstrate without much trouble that inflation is a smaller present and future evil than underproduction; that the depreciation of our money has harmed us far less than the deficit in our foreign trade balance, and that consequently our ruin or recovery depends first and foremost upon the latter.

I have tried for years to make plain in my economic writings the distinction between physical wealth and tokens of wealth. Let us apply to our whole national estate the same bookkeeping laws which we would apply to the business of a commercial house; and we shall speedily discover that money in itself is merely a traditionally recognized separate item in a larger group of conventional wealth tokens.

If a person were able to watch the economic activities of the earth from the planet Mars, with a telescope powerful enough to reveal all our processes of production, but not powerful enough to read writing, the Martian observer would be able to study intelligently our vast — and in many ways logical — machinery for creating and distributing wealth. But he would never suspect for a moment that all kinds of paper wealth tokens were passing from hand to hand among us. He would get no clue to the existence of private property in wealth; he would not know that such things as money, credit, and debit exist.

In other words, he would have studied the physical wealth side of our balance sheet, which he could comprehend perfectly without knowing anything of its paper token side. Crops grow, mills grind, furnaces melt, machinery manufactures, goods are carried on rails and in vessels, distributed in markets and shops, and taken thence to houses where they are consumed. That is all logical and comprehensible of itself alone. The operations of the left side of the ledger would be visible to the observer. The entries upon the right side he would know nothing of. Yet he would have a complete picture in itself. He would see us with the eyes of a single entry bookkeeper, while we have unconsciously adopted the habit of thought of double entry bookkeeping. We discuss tokens of wealth more than we do the wealth which those tokens represent. It was quite different in Homer's day. At that time

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people thought of real things. Tokens of wealth, even mortgages, were unknown. Cattle and bars of metal were the circulating medium and the measures of value.

To-day, practically all visible possessions in the western world are ticketed with value tokens. Land and buildings are conceived as deeds and mortgages; factories as shares of stock; public property as government bonds; raw materials and wholesale commodities as bills of exchange and bank acceptances; retail goods as checks, bills collectable, and currency.

The only property which is not covered by some such paper are equities in land, works of art, and household furniture, so far as the latter is not insured. But to compensate for this, most government property is obligated for several times its value. Upon the whole, we can say that physical wealth and tokens of wealth practically balance each other.

Now, everybody recognizes that what we call money, whether money in the form of book credits or currency, is only a small portion of the total volume of wealth tokens. Therefore, an inflation of the currency proper will never produce a proportional inflation in all the tokens of wealth. The situation was different in the French Revolution. At that time, a large share of the property in France had not been covered by paper tokens. The currency then constituted by far a greater fraction of all the wealth tokens in existence.

In this connection, we should observe a fact which ought to be self evident, but which unhappily many money reformers overlook; that you cannot accelerate or improve fundamentally the production and distribution of real wealth, which follows its own laws, by a mere manipulation of the tokens of that wealth.

We measure these symbols of wealth in Germany in marks. They are labelled as so many marks. You can fix the true value of the mark at any point of time by dividing the aggregate physical wealth of the nation by the total sum represented by all the tokens of wealth with which this physical wealth is ticketed. The quotient is the real value of the mark, which may be either higher or lower than its value abroad; for the latter is influenced by the balance of trade.

Consequently, if our paper symbols of wealth total a billion, or a thousand billion at any particular time, we merely mean that a mark is at that moment one billionth, or one thousandth billionth, of the physical wealth of the nation.

Before the war, the property of the German people amounted perhaps to three hundred and fifty billions of gold marks. Assume that it has now fallen to two hundred billion marks by waste, loss, and sales. Assume further, that prices, reckoned in gold, have risen from fifty to one hundred per cent above the pre-war level. Then add twenty-five percent to our appraisal of Germany's wealth on account of this technical appreciation. We have as a result two hundred and fifty billion gold marks.

Opposite this we must set first of all the paper tokens of this wealth which were in existence before the war, or three hundred and fifty billions. To this we must next add the total of all tokens of wealth we have issued since the war began, against which there was no increase of real property whatever. Those new tokens of wealth include the floating and funded debts of the commonwealth, the federal states, and the local governments, the addition to the currency, and our growing foreign obligations. Furthermore, they include also the shares and securities

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issued by our corporations and business firms in order to purchase goods in the world market at higher prices, reckoned in paper marks after their earlier stocks—bought at the former gold mark prices — were exhausted. For these shares, securities, and other obligations stand for an increase in the paper tokens of wealth over and above the physical wealth they would have represented at pre-war prices.

We shall not overstate the total of these four groups by making it five hundred billion. Adding the three hundred and fifty billions of wealth tokens in existence when the war began, the sum amounts to eight hundred and fifty billions. This is balanced by physical property worth two hundred and fifty billions. So the true value of the mark, as compared with its value before the war, is as two hundred and fifty is to eight hundred and fifty; in other words, it is something less than thirty pfennige. This is about three times its value abroad.

Let us not be deterred by intimidating possibilities from conjecturing how these figures will stand at some future date. It makes no difference what year the reader selects. After balancing the forces encouraging inflation against the forces retarding it, I personally believe that, whether we wish it or not, we shall have to calculate upon the total of our wealth symbols reaching eventually the gigantic sum of 1850 billions. Assuming that our physical wealth remains stationary, the true value of the mark will fall to the neighborhood of fourteen pfennige.

This demonstrates clearly one thing; no juggling with the currency will save us. We are being ruined by the deficit in our trade balance. It has reduced the true value of the mark to one third what it was before the war; and it will continue to reduce that value no matter what purely accounting devices we may adopt to check the movement. The only thing that can save us is to produce more wealth. To create more and consume less. Let 'business' suffer for the time being if necessary. A nation which consumes more than it produces is on the road to ruin.

The gentlemen who represent the Great Powers at the Allied Conferences should likewise bear this in mind. The first principle of a reparation policy should be not to weaken the productive power of our nation, but to levy upon its surplus product. We must labor, we shall labor, as far as we are permitted to do so. We can only labor effectively to the extent that our labor profits us.

What is the significance then of depreciation, which thus interpreted is merely an automatic adjustment between the volume of physical wealth and the volume of its various tokens? It will signify very little one hundred years from now, when the situation has been stabilized. It will make little difference to our posterity whether their money of account has the value of a dollar or a nickle, so long as their business is on a sound basis and their income, measured by whatever unit they may use, exceeds their outgo. However, for the time being the effects of depreciation are very serious. They may be summarized as follows:

First, unearned income, which is in substance creditors' income, has lost its purchasing power. Two generations ago a merchant could retire if he had saved a hundred thousand marks as a result of twenty years of labor. With the income from this he could purchase service, and as much meat, butter, and beer, as he desired. To-day, a man who retired before the war with ten times that amount of property, or a million marks, will not have, after paying his taxes, enough to live on from his interest. He either must con-

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sume his capital or go to work again.

The second effect is that merchandise is in great demand, since the country is stripped of it, and a person whose property consists of physical wealth finds himself in very comfortable circumstances. That is why many people who owned merchandise, estates, and similar forms of physical property, have profited by the war and revolution. Their estates multiplied in value over and over again. The effect has been to enrich the possessors of physical wealth at the cost of the owners of wealth tokens. An impoverished country endeavors to escape its obligations, even by robbing part of its own citizens. There has been a sort of automatic redistribution of wealth, such as occurred at fixed periods in ancient Judea.

The government is the first to take advantage of this contingency. Its annual burden of interest counted in hours of labor is not much higher today than it was before the war. On the other hand, however, its richest sources of income have dried up.

The third effect is, that individuals no longer are able to purchase abroad whatever they like. Imported articles cost at least fifty or one hundred per cent more than formerly at their point of production; while a German, who desires to acquire them, will have to pay twenty times their former price in marks. Unhappily, when it comes to luxuries, even that is not enough to stop their importation. But the general effect is to compel an impoverished nation to produce as much as possible at home; to export all that it can, and to import and consume a minimum of foreign productions. Consequently, the depreciation of our money in exchange will necessarily continue and get worse, until we have reëstablished an equilibrium between home production and consumption.

Last of all, it signifies, and this is the most painful feature, a permanent lowering of the income of labor relatively to the cost of living. We have failed to recognize this properly hitherto. The general public fancies that wages must finally reach a 'world level,' meaning a level equal to the normal cost of living. But unfortunately that cannot happen. Here we have a condition which will stay with us so long as we are not producing a surplus. I might call it the *privation factor* in our economy.

Were there no privation factor in our economic life to-day; in other words, if wages were to rise until they would purchase all the reasonable necessities of life, new wants or different wants would at once make themselves felt, and great quantities of goods would be consumed which otherwise are available for export, or for restoring our productive machinery at home. As a consequence, imports would increase for which we would have no way of paying, and thereupon the value of our money would fall rapidly.

So long as the country is not producing more than it consumes, prices will inevitably continue to rise faster than wages. There can never be a fixed relation between them. We must anticipate in all probability that every new burden placed upon the shoulders of our people will only widen the existing gap between labor's income and labor's outgo.

Reviewing now the results of the facts here presented, we come to the following conclusion:

So long as we rest in doubt whether inflation or a production deficit is the greater and primary evil, we shall hesitate, undecided between two courses of policy.

If inflation were the greater and primary evil, the proper remedy would

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be to deflate the currency, to refund the public debt, to levy a compulsory loan, to raise taxes, to introduce every conceivable economy in public expenditures, even at the cost of our appropriations for cultural purposes, and to restore the equilibrium of the budget. Practically all the reforms so far proposed lie in this direction.

There is no reason in the world why we should not do all these things with moderation. But if we go to work too radically, we are likely to precipitate a financial panic, and to set going a process of gradual decay in our economic, technical, cultural, and administrative institutions. Such reforms as these, moreover, will never lead us to our goal. Whether our public indebtedness reaches a maximum number of billions a year earlier, or a year later, is relatively unimportant. Our debt may pass any limit we now conceive; but if our production increases fast enough, our money may be worth more then than to-day. We can live with billions of inflation, if production and consumption, imports and exports, balance each other. We cannot survive — even were our debts and our inflation by some miracle to vanish — if we continue to have a deficit in production.

Since, then, it is not inflation but a deficit of production — which latter is not due to inflation, but rather somewhat mitigated by it — which is the root of our evil, it is clearly imperative that we direct our policies toward a different goal from the one we have recently pursued.

We must concentrate our attention upon production; and not upon commercial profits and the like. It is not important if our debts do temporarily increase. It is important that we keep what few raw materials and half manufactured goods we have at home, and export merchandise which embodies the largest possible labor value. It is important that we find markets for our goods. It is above all important to perfect our system of production by still greater subdivision and specialization of labor, as between organizations as well as individuals, and by every technical device which economizes labor and materials. It is important for us to exercise a wise control over consumption and importation. It is also imperative that we regulate the application of labor, so as to make it serve primarily the welfare of the nation and not the welfare of private promoters.

The only real asset which we have kept even approximately intact, is our labor power. Neither national laws nor technical difficulties, but ignorance and indolence, prevent our increasing our labor product indefinitely. Our enemies cannot prevent that. On the contrary, they will be forced to recognize that their claims will never be paid so long as our physical condition remains what it is to-day. They will be forced to help us increase our production in order to collect their claims against us. Control of our public finances would be as sterile for them as for ourselves. What we need is increased opportunity for labor, and scientifically organized production.

[*Revue Bleue* (Paris Nationalist Literary and Political Semi-Monthly), *January 1*]

A VISIT TO BEETHOVEN

BY BARON DE TRÉMONT

[This article is from the unpublished memoirs of the Baron of Trémont, who was a Councillor of State during the reign of Napoleon. In later life he was known as an intelligent musical critic and patron of musicians.]

I WAS an admirer of Beethoven's genius and knew his works by heart when, in 1809, I was commissioned as Auditor of the Council of State to take

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its reports to Napoleon, who was then engaged in his Austrian campaign. In spite of my hurried departure, it occurred to me that if we captured Vienna, I ought not to omit the opportunity to see Beethoven. So I asked Cherubini to give me a letter to him. He answered my request by saying: 'I would be glad to give you a letter to Haydn, for that excellent gentleman would welcome you; but I will not write to Beethoven. I will not expose myself to having a person whom I introduce, ill received. He is as savage as a bear.' Thereupon I addressed myself to Reicha. This musician also told me: 'I fear my letter will not help you. Since France has become an empire, Beethoven detests its emperor and the French so thoroughly that Rode, the finest violinist in Europe, stayed eight days in Vienna on his way to Russia without being able to have an interview. He is a savage, moody misanthrope. Let me tell you, to show how little he cares for the conventions, that the Empress invited him one morning to visit her. He replied that he would be busy all that day, but would try to get around the day after.'

After hearing these things, I thought it would be useless to try to make Beethoven's acquaintance. I had no reputation, no high title to plead my cause for me. I would be the less welcome because I would be entering a Vienna bombarded for the second time by a French army, and because in addition to all that, I was a member of Napoleon's Council of State. However, I determined to venture it.

So, when I reached Vienna, I presented myself at the home of the inhospitable composer. It occurred to me, as I stood at the door, that I had chosen a bad day, for I was wearing my uniform as Councillor of State, on account of an official visit I must make a little later. Still more unfortunately, his apartments were on the city wall, which Napoleon had ordered destroyed. So they were preparing to explode a mine under his very windows.

His neighbors pointed out where he lived, telling me that he was at home, but kept no servant just then, because he was always dismissing them. They thought it very doubtful if he would come to the door.

I rapped three times, and was about to leave, when an ugly featured, ill-humored man suddenly opened the door and asked what I wanted.

'Is it Mr. Beethoven whom I have the honor of addressing?'—'Yes, Sir, but I must tell you,' he said in German, 'that I understand very little French'—'I do not understand German any better, Sir, but my errand is merely to give you a letter from Mr. Reicha at Paris.' He stared at me a moment, took the letter, and let me in. His lodgings, I think, consisted of only two rooms. The first had a closed alcove which contained his bed, but it was so small and dark that he used the second room for dressing. Everything was untidy and in extreme disorder. Splashes of water covered the floor. There was an old grand piano, laden with dust and with both printed and manuscript music. Next to this was a little walnut writing table, giving evidence that its ink stand had frequently been upset. Scattered about on it were a number of pens crusted with ink, and more pieces of music. The chairs, most of which were cane-seated, were occupied by dishes containing the remains of last night's supper, or by articles of clothing.

My German vocabulary was limited to the few words indispensable for a traveler, and I understood the language as little as I spoke it. Beethoven was no better off in French. I expected him to bid me adieu as soon as he had finished reading the letter, and that

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our acquaintance would terminate there. I had seen the bear in his cage, which was more than I had hoped. Consider my surprise, then, when he put the letter down on the table without reading it, looked me over again, and offered me a chair. I was still more surprised when he began to talk. He asked me what my uniform meant, what my office was, how old I was, the object of my journey, if I knew anything about Moscow, and if I were going to stop in Vienna. I replied that Reicha's letter would explain all these things better than I could. 'No! no! Talk!' he said. 'Talk, but slowly because I am quite deaf. But I'll understand you.' I made incredible efforts with my faulty knowledge of the language. He showed the utmost goodwill on his side. Our conversation was a singular melange of my bad German and his bad French. Finally we got to understand each other. My visit lasted nearly three quarters of an hour, and he invited me to come back and see him.

I left prouder than Napoleon, when he entered Vienna in triumph. I had conquered Beethoven.

You ask how? What shall I answer? The only explanation is his own capricious nature. I was young, polite, impressionable, and a stranger. I was an absolute contrast with himself. Some streak of fancy which I cannot explain, made him take a sudden liking to me. Temperamental men are seldom moderate in their likes and dislikes. He made many appointments with me during my stay in Vienna, and he would improvise for me alone, an hour or two hours at a time. If he had a servant he would tell him not to go to the door when people rang; or if they could hear the piano, to tell them he was composing and could receive no one.

Some musicians with whom I got acquainted would hardly believe me. I said: 'Would you believe me if I showed you a note he wrote me in French?'

'Not in French! Impossible! He knows hardly a word of it. He does not even write legibly in German. He would not take the trouble!' I proved it to them, whereupon they said: 'He has taken a real liking to you. What an inexplicable man!'

I have that note framed. It is one of my most precious souvenirs.

Beethoven's improvisations produced in me perhaps the most vivid musical emotion I ever experienced. I can assure you that a person who has not heard him improvise, absolutely at his ease, can never comprehend the unbounded wealth of his talent. He was guided absolutely by the spirit of the moment. He would say occasionally, after striking a few chords: 'Nothing occurs to me. Let us put it off until to-morrow.'

Then we would talk of philosophy, religion, politics, and above all of Shakespeare, whom he idolized. And we did this in a language that would have made our hearers shriek with laughter, could they have heard it.

Beethoven was not a brilliant conversationalist, if you mean by that a man who says bright and striking things. He was naturally too taciturn to talk with animation. . His thoughts came out explosively, but they were lofty and generous, though often unfair. He and Rousseau were alike in this respect, that their false judgments were due to their misanthropy having created an artificial world for them, which had no counterpart in human nature and society. But Beethoven was a learned man. His isolation, his celibacy, his deafness, his long sojourns in the country, had given him leisure to study the Greek and Latin classics and to become an enthusiastic pupil

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of Shakespeare. His thinking had that peculiar but real quality of interest, which comes from erroneous opinions expressed and maintained in good faith; and though his conversation was not very engaging, at least it was original and curious. Since he had taken a liking to me, it gratified a certain strain of perversity in him to have me contradict him now and then, instead of always agreeing with what he said.

When he was in a mood to improvise, he was sublime. There was a sort of inspired abandon about his whole personality, an atmosphere of sweet singing and perfect harmony, a rapture of music which took him out of himself and which was utterly unconscious of effect.

His technique as a pianist was not perfect. His fingering was often faulty, with the result that the expression of his playing was sometimes careless. But what did mere instrumentation amount to on such occasions! One was carried away by his thoughts, as though his hands were in some way picturing the very contents of his soul.

I asked if he did not want to know France. He replied: 'I often wished ardently to know that country before it set up a master over itself. Now, that desire has vanished. However, I should like to hear Mozart's symphonies played in Paris. I am told they are played better at the Conservatory than anywhere else in the world. (He did not mention his own symphonies or those of Haydn.) However, I am too poor to travel out of simple curiosity, and if I ever go, it ought to be at once.'— 'Come with me! I'll take you!'—'Would you? I could not permit you to go to that expense.'— 'Do not let that trouble you. It would amount to nothing. I have my expenses paid and a whole carriage to myself. If you would be satisfied with a small room, I've got one in my apartment at Paris which is at your disposition. Come! Say "yes!" Paris is well worth a couple of weeks. You will only have to pay for the journey back. It will be less than fifty florins.'— 'You tempt me. I'll think of it.'

I plead with him on several occasions to make up his mind to go. His hesitation was due to his own morbid misanthropy. 'I should be besieged by visitors.'— 'You need n't receive them.'— 'I'd be swamped with invitations.'— 'You need n't accept them.' — 'People would be tormenting me to play and to compose.'— 'You could answer you had no time.'— 'You Paris people would say I was a bear.' —'What would that be to you? One can see that you don't know them. Paris is the home of liberty, and the place where you can disregard social conventions more freely than anywhere else. Remarkable men are accepted for what they wish to show themselves; and if one of them, above all, a foreigner, is slightly eccentric, it only adds to their opinion of him.'

Finally, he shook hands with me one day and said he'd come. I was delighted. Undoubtedly there was some self-pride in this. Escort Beethoven to Paris; have him for my guest; introduce him to the musical world — it would be a real triumph! But I was punished for my premature rejoicing. Matters turned out otherwise.

The armistice of Znaim put us in occupation of Moravia, and I was sent there as intendant. I remained four months. The Treaty of Vienna left this province in the hands of Austria. I returned to Vienna and found Beethoven still planning to go with me. I was awaiting orders to depart for Paris, when I received others directing me to leave immediately for Croatia, where I was again intendant. I stayed there a year, and at the end of that time, was appointed prefect of Avey-

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ron, with instructions to wind up my affairs at Agram immediately and to report at the earliest possible moment at Paris, before proceeding to my new post. I was thus prevented from passing through Vienna and revisiting Beethoven.

That great musician was born at Bonn on December 17, 1770. His father was a chorister in the chapel of the Elector of Cologne. In 1772, after he had studied under the organist, Neefe, the Elector sent him to Vienna where he remained.

Between 1792 and 1800, he became a famous man, but he remained poor. For the latter fact he personally was responsible. He had no practical business ability whatever. He asked only two hundred and forty francs for his great Sextet and one hundred and twenty francs for his First Concerto. A current report has it that the latter brought its publisher from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand francs.

In spite of his irascible and capricious disposition, he was a great favorite with Archduke Rudolph; and the Princess Lichnovsky treated him as if she were his mother. Their attentions, however, merely embarrassed him. He was a radical democrat at heart, and had no use for grandees of any kind.

His deafness began to manifest itself in 1803. His brother Charles obtained great influence over him, got away what little property he had, and embroiled him with his friends.

Beethoven says in his will that he was not a misanthrope, but in this he deluded himself. He was one, through and through.

The court at Vienna was well aware of his republican sympathies. Consequently, instead of patronizing him, its members never attended a rendition of his works. Napoleon was his hero so long as he remained First Consul. Beethoven was working on a heroic symphony, which he proposed to dedicate to him after the battle of Marengo. It was finished in 1802. However, about that time rumors became current that Napoleon was seeking a crown, and that as soon as he obtained it he would invade Germany. Beethoven tore up his dedication; and his dislike for Napoleon personally extended to the whole French nation which tolerated his dominion.

None the less, he was much impressed by Napoleon's greatness, and often discussed it with me. In spite of his dislike for the Emperor, I could see that he admired him for attaining so high a position from such humble beginnings. That fact flattered his democratic sentiments. He said to me one day: 'If I should go to Paris, I would have to greet your Emperor.' I assured him that this was not necessary unless the Emperor requested it. 'Do you think he would request it?'— 'I have no doubt that he would, if he appreciated who you were; but as you have seen in Cherubini's case, he knows very little of music.' His question made me suspect that in spite of his hostility, he would have felt flattered to receive attention from Napoleon. Thus, human pride abases itself before those who propitiate it.

This savage also bowed his neck to the yoke of love. We do not know who the Juliette to whom he wrote such impassioned letters was. He was also a great admirer of Countess Maria Erdödy. I know a third lady with whom he was infatuated, but am not free to give her name.

Shortly before the campaign of 1809 between France and Austria, Beethoven, poor and neglected, had indicated his intention of leaving Vienna, and seeking a more favorable asylum in some other German state. Archduke Rudolph and the Princess Lob-

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kovitz and Kinsky felt that this would be a disgrace for Austria. They offered him a pension of eighteen hundred florins if he would remain, and he accepted.

When Napoleon conquered Vienna the second time, his brother Jerome, King of Westphalia, offered Beethoven the appointment of Royal Orchestra Conductor with a salary of seven thousand francs. I was in Vienna at the time, and he asked me confidentially for my advice. If I remember rightly, I counseled him not to accept, but to keep his promise to reside in Austria, and to retain his pension. At that time, I did not foresee Jerome's speedy dethronement; but had Beethoven accepted this offer he would not have held the post six months.

Unhappily, his pension did not improve his situation. He must have felt himself an unhappy victim of destiny, in the ancient sense; for he was doomed by the Gods to be unhappy. The causes of his trouble rested in himself. His character invited misfortune. The brother who robbed him died, but left him with the care of his son, who was already beginning to manifest his evil character. His brother's widow was no better. All this resulted in a law suit, which he was not competent to prosecute, since he was a child in business matters. His eccentric habits and opinions, in a land of rigid traditions and monarchical conservatism, deprived him of popular sympathy to such an extent that he was even threatened with a law suit to deprive him of the right of using *von*, the sign of nobility. It was a singular suit for a republican son of a chorister to be defending.

I do not know whether it was due to his own contradictory impulses, or to a change in his political ideas, but in 1822, he sent a solemn mass to the emperor of Russia, to the king of Saxony, and to Louis XVIII.

Another change occurred in his character later in life. He began to realize the value of money. Like most men who start out neglectful in such matters and reverse their habits, he became abnormally solicitous regarding his own future, and set at work secretly to accumulate a competence.

In 1824, the musical revolution produced by Rossini was welcomed at Vienna with enthusiasm. *The Barber of Seville* was a tremendous success. Beethoven praised this masterpiece most cordially; but true to the contradictions of his nature, he deplored the opera's careless harmony, though he was the very one whom purists had attacked most violently for that identical laxity. The success of the 'Swan of Pesaro' caused the German misanthrope to be, for the time being, completely forgotten, and he was keenly affected by it. This man whose passionate genius seemed to spurn composing for any object but its own gratification — for the mere abstract joy of creation — learned too late to crave popular applause. In 1825 and 1826, worn out, an invalid already attacked by a fatal disease, and literally abandoned by all, he composed his last quartettes. Finally, on March 26, 1827, he passed away. Note here the capriciousness of men. A man whose last days aroused no interest except in five or six persons who really loved him for his talent, was followed to the grave by more than twenty thousand! A man whose whole life had been a struggle with poverty, and who, almost on his death bed, had written Moscheles asking if the London Philharmonic Society would not give a concert for his benefit, and to whom the Society immediately sent twenty-five hundred francs, was found upon his death to have some twenty thousand francs hidden away in his apartment. That was not explained by

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avarice, but by the unhappy traits of character which had made his life a constant warfare with his fellow men and rendered him abnormally eager to be independent of them in his old age.

As an example of how little attention Beethoven gave to the way his masterpieces were presented, it is enough to cite his great sonata with the piano and violin, dedicated to his friend Kreutzer. That dedication might almost serve as an epigram; for Kreutzer ran all his notes together and always kept his bow upon the strings, while the whole dedication is a series of skips and jumps such as Kreutzer never executed in his life.

[*L'Indépendance Belge* (Liberal Progressive Daily), *December 15, 25*]

AT ZELIGOWSKY'S HEADQUARTERS. II

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

When we reached Vilna late at night, we did not plunge at once into the lap of felicity. As a matter of fact, it was six hours before we could get away from the station, as there were no conveyances to be had. Traveling through the streets at night is prohibited because it is too dangerous. Crime is so common in Vilna that people do not leave their houses after six o'clock in the evening, although they are permitted on the streets by law until midnight. Conditions are still worse in the suburbs. An organized band of criminals and deserters is terrorizing the city and surrounding country. The government does the best it can, but appears to be powerless. There are no regular police and the army is occupied with other things.

The city itself is a sad sight. It has been ruined by successive military occupations and by the passage of advancing and retreating armies. In fact I hardly recognized in its present desolation the beautiful city I had previously known.

Zeligowsky came at a very unfortunate time, and the longer he stays the more he is hated. In spite of the fact that the Poles are in a majority in the immediately surrounding country, the result of the proposed plebiscite is far from certain.

Everything has an end, even a night spent in a railway station, where we had plenty of company. When morning came we sought a hotel and were rather worried as to whether we could procure accommodations. We had a most agreeable surprise. The hotel was half empty and gave the impression of being sadly in need of custom. There are no travelers naturally in Vilna, and a large share of the male inhabitants have left the city.

People told me that the past month and a half had been a period of fearful trial and suffering. These statements came not only from the opponents of the Poles, but also from the Poles themselves. Everybody complains of impossible prices and general poverty. The Jews are the worst sufferers. To tell the truth, they do not fear the soldiers so much as they do the local Polish mob. Right here there is a false impression abroad. Wild stories have reached Europe of frightful pogroms perpetrated by the troops when they entered Vilna. That was one of the first things I inquired into, and I am able to state that nothing of the kind occurred, at least involving the soldiers themselves. It is true that six Jews were killed and a number of others wounded. About one hundred and fifty Jewish houses were pillaged. These events happened between the evacuation of the city by the Lithuanian troops and the entry of the Polish troops, when the rabble took advantage of the opportunity to pillage and

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ravage. That was when the murders occurred. Even after the Poles got in, they could not restore order at once. And, as I have just said, lawlessness and banditry are still common. Cases have occurred where a mob accompanied by soldiers attacked Jewish residents, but this does not mean that Zeligowsky himself countenanced such atrocities. Quite the contrary. He was shrewd enough to take measures to secure so far as possible the good will of the large Jewish population in the city. He hopes that many of them will vote for him when the plebiscite occurs, but I believe he deceives himself.

Zeligowsky was in the field when I reached Vilna, so I could not see him personally. But I had an opportunity to talk with his principal associates, who reminded me somewhat of what we observed among the Germans in Belgium during the war. They are prompt to undertake military adventures, but when they have gained their objective they don't know how to utilize it, because they are politically incompetent. In one respect, however, Zeligowsky has the advantage of the Germans. When the latter found themselves in difficulty they invariably resorted to violence. So far as I can see, Zeligowsky does not do this.

Even conditions within his own intimate circle were very different from what we western Europeans imagine. The government he has set up, as we suppose preparatory to Polish annexation, embraces men by no means friendly to such a measure.

Zeligowsky's closest military associate received me cordially, but seemed so impressed by my arrival that he took me at once to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. That gentleman was equally diffident. He knew more than the officer but talked less. He dodged questions until he had aroused my suspicions to the utmost and then, shrewdly discovering that fact, reversed his tactics, taking me to two of his colleagues, who were not imported officers but local dignitaries of Polish blood. They were honest men, frank in saying what they thought. Now their ideas were not at all in conformity with Zeligowsky's plans.

Four parties exist in Vilna. Some two per cent are Lithuanians whose loyalty to Kovno (the Lithuanian national capital) is unqualified. Then there are the Jews who we have already said are pro-Lithuanian to a man. They think: 'We must stick to Kovno and keep free of Warsaw at all costs, but we cannot accomplish this by main force. The Poles are too numerous. Besides, the Lithuanians have made blunders. They have tried to make their tongue the sole official language, which we cannot tolerate. Here in Vilna, only five people out of a hundred can understand Lithuanian. So the League of Nations should protect us against duress in that respect.'

Consequently, the Jews favor close relations with the Lithuanians, but want linguistic autonomy, such as exists in Switzerland. They would like to see a federal Lithuania, composed of Lithuanians, Poles, and Ruthenians, and to have Yiddish raised to the rank of an official language. The Jews also want cultural autonomy. They think that if this solution were adopted large territories around Minsk would eventually join them.

I was surprised, however, to discover that many native Lithuanian officials and Polish intellectuals hold the same views. The latter form a third party, which is working a greater Lithuanian Federation. The fourth party consists of those who want direct annexation to Poland.

One can readily see why many educated Poles want a greater Lithuanian Federation. That would give them a

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predominant position. They would speedily become the most powerful element in the government, because Polish civilization and culture are so superior to Lithuanian civilization and culture. The Lithuanians were so oppressed by the Russians that they were not even able to print books in their own language. The schools were not permitted to teach Lithuanian. Consequently, the language has almost lost its literary and cultural qualities.

Lithuania is to-day a backward country; without enough educated natives to run a government. The Lithuanians try to deny this, and the Poles refuse to see it. The latter know perfectly well that Vilna will be ruined as a business and political centre if it is annexed to Poland, because of the rivalry of Warsaw. That is the reason why the Poles here favor a greater Lithuania. They are frank in saying that they don't want Poland ruling them. They are helping Zeligowsky because the Kovno government oppressed them. They have rebelled against that government, and feel that they are in the same position as Lithuania would be if the situation were reversed. They hope for closer relations with Poland proper but do not want amalgamation.

It was evident while I was in Vilna that the situation had become very disagreeable for Zeligowsky. It was significant that he was tolerating the opponents of his own views in the government he set up. The military men were naturally out and out Poles.

What party will ultimately win? That will depend on the way the plebiscite is taken. The Jews and the Federalists don't want the referendum to be merely between the Poles and Lithuanians. What they want is to elect a constitutional convention which will draft an organic law for the country. Zeligowsky tried to get some Jews into his cabinet, but could not find an influential or qualified man to serve; so he had to find one from outside of Vilna, whom the local Jews refused to recognize.

Normally, the population of Vilna is 47 per cent Polish, 44 per cent Jewish, and 13 per cent of mixed nationalities of Lithuanian and Russian stock. As matters stand, enough Poles would probably vote in favor of the Lithuanians to defeat Zeligowsky's plans, so he has enlarged the Vilna district to make it contain 55 per cent Poles and 37 per cent Jews. Even then, he is not sure of succeeding.

Now, a few words as to the condition of Vilna itself. The population is in distress. Prices are out of reach. They are not so high for a stranger, because his money is worth so much more than the Polish currency. I paid only 50 marks a day for one of the best rooms in one of the best hotels. It was a rather ordinary place, but luxurious compared with what I saw elsewhere. Since a hundred Polish marks are worth about 24 cents in American currency, my fine room cost me 12 cents a day! I got an excellent meal for 200 marks, or 48 cents, and paid 50 marks, or 12 cents for a cab. Still the local population, whose income is in this prevailing currency, finds it absolutely impossible to pay such prices. A pound of butter costs 180 marks; a pound of sugar 105 marks. Clothing is at most fanciful prices.

However, the distress is not as obvious as just before the Germans left, because there has been an intervening period of abnormal prosperity. Last summer, though, the Bolsheviki held the city, and I heard cruel stories of their conduct. Even allowing for exaggeration many atrocities certainly occurred. Some dozens of people were executed. Many citizens were murdered by the soldiers. However, these

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atrocities were by no means as bad as represented in the terrible stories of butcheries which were circulated through western Europe. Moreover, the people seemed to have acquired a sort of nerve immunity to such things.

I was exceedingly anxious to learn something of the relations between Zeligowsky and the Polish government at Warsaw. Those relations exist. It is not true that the troops of Vilna proper drove out the Kovno government of their own accord, and are still fighting it. I met soldiers from all parts of Poland among the forces here. Some of them speak German like Germans; in fact, speak it much better than Polish, because they came from Posen. Others are from Galicia and Warsaw. One entire regiment, the 281st Infantry, is composed entirely of Warsaw volunteers. I have already described the collaboration between Zeligowsky and the regular Polish troops along the railway. Polish officers made visits at Vilna without the slightest interference, and looked upon the so-called insurgent officers as their comrades. It is impossible to distinguish between the two. At the time I was in Vilna, Zeligowsky had at least ten divisions. Obviously, the Polish government would not entrust him with such a force without keeping on the alert. It had sent General Veytko to Vilna as Inspector General of Zeligowsky's troops.

I have already said that public security hardly exists at Vilna. The demoralization is unbounded. You can get anything for money. My adventures during my trip helped to illustrate this. Twice weekly, an express train leaves Vilna for Warsaw detouring from Lida because the bridges near Grodno are still in ruins. Otherwise, one has to travel by slow military troop trains. Even the express took from twenty-seven to thirty-seven hours between the two towns. It is composed of old second and third class cars with but a single sleeper. Naturally, when we tried to buy tickets twenty-four hours before the train left we found everything had been sold out for days in advance.

There was no help for it. Two berths were left but reserved for the government. They were to accommodate two officials. In spite of the best will in the world nothing could be done. I then decided to try a device which I had heard say generally worked. My friend and I went back to the office and I addressed the lady clerk in charge, as follows: 'Mademoiselle, we are two journalists who have just finished a very fatiguing journey from Dvinsk and would like to get to Warsaw as comfortably as possible. We have heard rumors that people will sometimes sell their berths for a premium. Can you assist us in such a transaction? We will be glad to pay considerable for the service.' The lady's face was perfectly impassive. She could not help us, but if we would return in an hour and a half she would see what could be done. Perhaps someone would have a berth to sell. That at least was encouraging, and the other people in the office, a lady and gentleman, smiled sweetly at us.

We were back promptly at the time agreed upon, and the lady said to us solemnly: 'Although it is contrary to regulations, we have got a berth for you, but it is at our personal risk. It is only one berth, but we shall have to charge you for two berths. It is large enough for two people.'

We had great difficulty in getting into the car at all, and still more trouble in removing the people who tried to occupy our places. Although we had to sit up all night in our single berth we were much more comfortable than we would have been in the ordinary

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compartment. We found later, that this selling one berth to two people is a very common way of preying upon passengers. But this was by no means all. After we had agreed to the lady's terms she continued gravely: 'We are assuming a serious responsibility in this matter and must have a thousand marks additional for that.' We gladly paid the sum, because it was worth five hundred Polish marks apiece to us journalists, merely as good copy.

But our experience did not end there. That afternoon we learned that the Polish authorities required a clean bill of health before crossing their frontier on account of the prevalence of typhus and cholera. We found this a disagreeable formality to go through, although our passports and certificates were in splendid shape. But they advised us at the hotel that it was very simple to get such a certificate. All you had to do was to go to the doctor in charge, hand him a sum of money as a contribution to the Red Cross, and you were given a certificate at once. Three hundred marks was all it took. This is what we did. It was too late to get our certificates that afternoon, but the next morning we sent a hotel messenger with our papers and six hundred marks to the indicated address. The messenger returned a few minutes before our departure. The doctor said he would have liked to see us personally, but he thought in view of the fact that our other papers were in good condition we would have no difficulty.

When I went to the ticket office to buy my ticket for Warsaw, the man ahead of me had some trouble on account of his papers. He needed a certain visé which the employee insisted was lacking. The man made a protest but it did no good. Without more ado, he thrust a sum of money through the grating and said, 'Now, give me my ticket.' It was handed him at once without further demur.

Ordinarily, the train stops at Lida three or four hours, but this time our conductor said we would remain but two hours. We got out at the station, which is the frontier point between Lithuania and Poland. We saw nothing resembling a passport office and no other evidence that it was a boundary station. Nowhere else in my life, however, have I seen so much confusion.

The country had been ravaged by war and the railway station was a heap of ruins. However, there was a little buffet and a big kitchen. Not being able to get anything at the buffet we went into the kitchen. By bribing the cooks we obtained some refreshment. Suddenly, when the train had been there about half an hour, we noticed that the people in the waiting room were in motion, and rushing out of the kitchen saw the train already half out of the station. Hundreds of people were running after it. We got on by a flying leap, but further behind people were fighting desperately for their places. Many passengers were left behind. At the next stopping place we were able to get into our compartment. Up to that point we had hung on outside. The conductor greeted us with joy because we diminished the long list of losses. The car was half empty. There was no more trouble after that about two people in one berth. But though we profited by the situation we could not help pitying the people left behind, whom it would take days and days by local trains to get to their destination, and whose baggage meantime might be stolen.

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BETHMANN-HOLLWEG

[The first of the following estimates of the deceased German war chancellor is from the quasi official *Journal des Débats* (January 7); and the second from the conservative-liberal *Vossische Zeitung* (January 3), a paper hostile to Bethmann-Hollweg during the controversy preceding his resignation.]

I

THÉOBALD VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, who has just passed away at his castle in Hohenfinov, incarnated, from the beginning of his political career up to the time of his fall from power, in July 1917, the typical virtues and vices of a Prussian functionary. During his service as Minister of the Interior for Prussia, and later as Imperial Secretary of State for the Interior, he conducted himself consistently as a member of the cabinet which is responsible to the Emperor alone. He never took the initiative in matters of policy. He managed his department excellently, but always in strict compliance with the orders of his master. When he became Chancellor, in July 1909, after the retirement of Prince von Bülow, he remained faithful to the same tradition. Wilhelm II chose him to succeed his 'Dear Bernard' because of his docility, his professional conscience, his experience, and his lack of personality. The Kaiser wished no obstacle in the way of his imperial and royal will. Prince von Bülow, although a polished courtier, had proved too intelligent and too independent-minded for the sovereign who dismissed Bismarck. But Bethmann-Hollweg was a man perfectly after his royal master's heart.

However, the fifth Chancellor knew practically nothing of the great questions of Europe. He possessed only vague general notions about foreign countries, which he had never been given the opportunity to verify or correct. So long as he had by his side in the Foreign Office von Kiderlen-Waechter, a somewhat rough-and-ready diplomat, but a man of veteran training and a resolute partisan of peace, imperial diplomacy continued to follow the path of solid tradition. But when that invaluable adjutant died, in December 1912, warlike influences gradually acquired the upper hand. The power of the General Staff, which was always excessive, became preponderant. That body encouraged the headstrong policy of the Vienna Cabinet in the two Balkan Wars. From the spring of 1913, its members constantly sought an excuse for a great preventive war. The persistent prudence of the French, English, and Russian governments prevented temporarily the conflagration. But from that date, Bethmann-Hollweg, consciously or unconsciously, adopted the militarist policy of Moltke, Tirpitz, and later, Ludendorff. Without perhaps desiring war, he supported a policy which made war inevitable. He never really steered the ship of state, but obeyed the sailing directions of men whose ultimate destination he did not try to learn.

This self-subordination does not, however, lessen the responsibility of the fifth Chancellor for the explosion of 1914. Official documents, published by his country's revolutionary government five years later, prove him a conscious accomplice of the authors of the war. During all the phases of the crisis of July and August, he never once counselled moderation. He supported with all his power the Austrian decision to place Serbia under duress. He approved, or personally dictated, the official instructions directing the representatives of Germany abroad to mislead the governments to which they

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were accredited;—for example, to deny having knowledge of the Austrian ultimatum of July 23, an ultimatum which the German government had insistently urged the Vienna Cabinet to make impossible of acceptance by the Serbian government. Like Wilhelm II, he also was captivated by the idea of unloading upon Russia the responsibility for a premeditated war. He formulated this with precision in several of the documents published in 1919. Up to the evening of July 29, he wanted war, because he felt certain that England would stay neutral. On the night between the 29th and 30th, he received the memorandum of an interview, in which Sir Edward Grey stated to Prince Lichnovsky, that if Germany and France became involved in hostilities, England might be compelled to intervene immediately. Thereupon, the Chancellor and the Kaiser lost their heads. Their plot had failed. They saw themselves caught in their own trap. Wilhelm II vented his wrath in vulgar abuse of England and Sir Edward Grey. Bethmann-Hollweg telegraphed twice to Vienna to urge moderation. He even sent a third telegram, ordering the German ambassador to take immediate and energetic measures with Berchtold and Tisza to induce Austria to accept Grey's proposal, that the four powers should mediate the difficulty. But this telegram was countermanded. On the 29th and 30th, the General Staff had a presentiment that peace might be preserved. It took immediate measures to prevent this. Subordinating his own will, as he always did, to that of the real masters of the empire, Bethmann-Hollweg telegraphed to the Vienna ambassador not to carry out the instructions in his last telegram. In another telegram, immediately following, he explained to the ambassador that the General Staff had just reported to him that the military preparations taken by Germany's neighbors demanded an immediate countermove. At that time Russia had limited itself to ordering a mobilization in four departments, while the general Austro-Hungarian mobilization had been under way since the 27th, and had been officially ordered since the 28th.

No, Bethmann von Hollweg will not be exculpated by posterity of responsibility for the outbreak of the war. He may have had a clearer vision of the future than Wilhelm II and the German General Staff; but that does not extenuate his guilt. His evil designs against Belgium dated from the beginning of the crisis. An order issued on July 29 to the German Minister at Brussels, discloses the plan to invade Belgium under the pretext that 'the Imperial government possesses positive information that the French forces propose to occupy the district along the Meuse, from Givet to Namur, and intend to cross Belgian territory to attack Germany.' The more carefully the German documents of this period are studied, the more obvious become the intentional misrepresentations they contain. Bethmann von Hollweg will go down in history as the lying Chancellor.

II

A MAN whose last days were passed in silence and obscurity has now been silenced and laid to rest forever. Bethmann-Hollweg has passed away after a brief illness on his estate at Hohenfinow, famed for its wonderful flower gardens, where he had danced merrily only a week ago at a Christmas festival. That was the last merry moment before his fatal illness overtook him. It was characteristic of the man that the dark clouds, which cast so deep a gloom over his last days, should be broken by occasional gleams of sunlight such as

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this. Consciousness of responsibility for our national disaster ever dogged his steps after his fall, and impelled him to seek seclusion. He did not, like so many of his colleagues, try to crowd back into public view. His sensitive good taste and his brooding temperament bade him withdraw from the world, that he might resolve for himself the problem, why this great tragedy had befallen himself and those whose welfare was entrusted to him.

Up to the last moment of his life, Bethmann-Hollweg never felt that he was guilty. He was ready to shoulder the responsibility. He knew it was useless to evade that. But he would not admit guilt. Whatever he said and wrote after he returned to private life was intended to show that his official acts had merely obeyed necessity; that what he had done was imperative, and that he had not failed to do what each situation dictated. His writings produced the same impression as his haggard countenance on the ministerial benches of the Reichstag, or in personal conversation at his office. He looked out upon the world with the startled eyes of a great, helpless child, trying to comprehend why everybody abused him, although he had done nothing but what seemed to him the natural and proper thing to do.

So Bethmann-Hollweg laid down his office without consciousness of guilt. Those whose personal knowledge of his capacities and his character enable them to judge with authority his official conduct, will not condemn him of intentional wrong. However, history does not judge men by their motives, but by their acts and the consequences of their acts. And history will charge Bethmann-Hollweg with no small measure of responsibility for the outbreak of the war and for our defeat. It was a tragedy of fate. Starting his career as a hard-working, ambitious department chief, he conceived the imperial chancellorship solely as the highest goal of bureaucratic service. He did not venture, he probably never recognized, the possibility of rejecting such an appointment, although he possessed neither the special knowledge nor the quality of mind and character which that post demanded. Whereupon, the dark forces of destiny closed about him, without his previously divining them, or later comprehending and mastering them. Almost unconsciously, he had assumed a supreme responsibility. He realized its weight, and he groaned under it in the seclusion of his office and during his periods of retirement on his estate. Pelted with accusations from every side, he could only answer in his torment: the Kaiser so wished; that was the result of Von Bülow's policy; Tirpitz prevented it; Ludendorff opposed it. This was quite true. Other men had always controlled his actions; because he either left them a free hand or appealed to their judgment; because he could not act of his own initiative, and because he did not trust himself to cut loose with an independent policy where he saw great issues at stake. He was a man whose fear of responsibility was greater than his self-respect. A puzzled plaything of Fate! No one feared war more than Bethmann-Hollweg. No one could have been more terrified by the responsibility for war. He certainly tried in every way possible to escape from the noose which King Edward had thrown around Germany. In practice, he merely involved us more deeply in its toils. Then came the day when a decision must be made. Right there, he evaded a decision; he left the men in the Foreign Office a free hand; in utter ignorance of the world situation, he permitted the bluff of Bosnian annexation, which Bülow had handled on a previous occasion in such

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a masterly way, to be repeated under incomparably less promising conditions; and he allowed the Austrian diplomats to present their reckless ultimatum to Serbia, and thus to make the Hapsburg evil a world evil. Then came a second day when destiny was poised in the balance. This time, the situation called for self-restraint and deliberate action; every act done just then was ill-timed. No one demanded a decision from Bethmann, but at that very moment he conceived the idea that it was the time to act. He determined to declare war on Russia. He overruled Moltke's objection. He resisted the stormy protests of Tirpitz. He turned a deaf ear to the wise and prudent counsels of Ballin. Simply because he feared the social democrats might refuse to fight France, though they would willingly enlist to fight the Russia of the Tsars, he gave the whole world formal leave to indict Germany for beginning war.

From that moment, crime was automatically heaped on crime. Germany's war propaganda was based upon the argument that imperialist, autocratic Tsarism started the war; that liberal England was an unwilling accomplice because she would not desert her allies and play false to her engagements; and that as soon as possible, Great Britain would seek some opening for peace and reconciliation. Future historians will prove to us that Bethmann-Hollweg systematically checkmated every movement to make peace with Russia. This was not with evil intent, but because he honestly trusted England's desire for peace. He engaged in no negotiations with Russian representatives which were not reported at once to London, mostly direct from Germany, because he thought that such information would tempt England to speedier action. Documents in our Foreign Office may some day show that, at a later date, we even prevented a Japanese invitation to join Russia in a peace move, 'because we can just as well get that from England.'

Hand in hand with this was Bethmann's persistently avowed inclination to make military concessions to Great Britain. This is what finally caused the breach between him and our army leaders. That did not occur because the latter tried to interfere in political matters, but because Bethmann sought to meddle in military policies — not by means of political arguments, but by pitting one military clique against another, and one naval clique against another. The submarine controversy became a political party issue in Germany, because the coterie around the Chancellor poisoned the whole atmosphere which pervaded its discussion. Our German ambassador in Washington received instructions different from those communicated to the German public. The Chancellor did, indeed, foresee that in view of President Wilson's previous attitude, the declaration of unrestricted U-boat warfare would come to him as a surprise, and would increase and embitter the hostility to Germany in the United States. But up to the very last moment, when it was already too late, he held in reserve these political arguments on which his opposition to the submarine policy was based. He became deeper and deeper involved in his double game, and finally was compelled to endorse Germany's declaration of unrestricted U-boat warfare, although he at heart regarded it a catastrophe. He thus took upon himself responsibility and estopped his own plea in extenuation.

Another disastrous example of his lack of initiative and directness was the proclamation of Polish independence. That was the first step in our border state policy. It was dictated

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by two motives: he planned to liberate the smaller nationalities, because he fancied this would counterbalance our violation of Belgium's neutrality; and he thought we might thus erect a wall between Germany and Russia, and simultaneously win the secret sympathy of England by thus weakening her great Oriental rival. This policy had the Chancellor's endorsement from the spring of 1916. From that date onward, his supporters championed this idea. However, they did not dare at once to place the official Wilhelmstrasse stamp of approval upon it. The Imperial Chancellor, who later complained so much of the political activities of the General Staff, tried to sugar his Polish policy for the German public by representing that the General Staff was behind it. Later, when the whole Polish adventure proved a complete fiasco, the Foreign Office insisted that Ludendorff had advocated the declaration of Polish independence for the sake of getting Polish recruits. In reality, the plan was already matured when it was submitted to the military authorities, and the latter endorsed it on the strength of an unhappily overoptimistic report by General von Beseler, that it would furnish us with one hundred thousand Polish volunteers. No general would answer anything but 'yes' to a proposal put in that form. That was naturally Ludendorff's reply. That general did n't imagine for a moment that he was thus fathering our whole political policy toward Poland. He appealed repeatedly to the Imperial Chancellor to refute the legend that he had advised this policy, and he has complained bitterly ever since that he could never get such an official admission of the truth.

However, the others were always the guilty parties. Bethmann lived in a world populated with guilty men. His whole life was a constant battle against these guilty individuals. He identified himself in his own mind with the welfare of the empire, which he was defending against the assaults of those who would ruin it. In his innocence, he was not really conscious of the fact that he was fighting only for himself. Whoever criticized him was a slanderer; whoever sought to overthrow him was an enemy of the Fatherland. For a man believing thus, any measure was justified against such opponents. The Chancellor's office became a nursery of lies, the centre of a net of scandal and intrigue which ultimately covered all Germany. The disgraceful campaign against Prince Bülow, whom Bethmann's supporters feared might be his successor, was typical of these tactics. The Kaiser was encouraged to believe that the Court at Vienna was hostile to that Prince; and an interview between the two was prevented by representing to the Kaiser that Bülow was senile and almost mentally incapacitated. Helfferich lurked in the background during this campaign.

But all this does not prove Bethmann personally a guilty man. He merely let such things happen. He did not stop them, because it was not in his nature to stop things, but merely to bewail them. It never occurred to him that a man should master fortune, crush resistance, bend his opponents to his will. His philosophical and historical training, inclined him to view the events which he himself should have guided, from the aloofness of a thoughtful but inactive spectator. He was inseparably bound to his destiny. It would have been vain to struggle against it. He must have contemplated the approach of death itself without surprise, as a fulfilment of his life's philosophy.

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ENGLISH PANTOMIMES

LIKE all other institutions, pantomime changes with the times, especially in the form and spirit of what is known as the 'book of words.' Three distinct phases of this evolution are observable since the fairy legend displaced the old-fashioned harlequinade as the main theme of the entertainment. The first, of which the librettist Planché and Blanchard of Drury Lane fame were perhaps the best exponents, was strictly concerned with the development of the legend in the spirit of extravaganza and in rhymed hexameters, leaving it to the players, who in those days were legitimate actors and comedians, to infuse into their songs, dances, and antics the right element of sentiment and comicality. There was nothing brilliant or even verbally striking about the author's work, but he never let the story get out of hand, and its simplicity was not the least of its merits as the basis for an entertainment primarily for children. Thus, if he were writing the forest scene in *The Babes in the Wood*, where the robbers quarrel and fight over the fate of the two youngsters, he would probably content himself with evolving something like the following:

Girl: How dark it gets! Oh, what are we to do? I am so tired!

Boy: I'm tired and hungry, too. Please take us home; the time is getting late.

First Robber: Aye, true it is; and wherefore should we wait?

The silent forest and the setting sun
Denote the hour; so let the deed be done!

(*Draws dagger and seizes children*)

Second Robber: Stop! Call it weakness, call it what you will, my heart revolts. The babes you shall not kill.

(*Children run off into forest*)

First Robber: You fool! Behold, our plans have gone amiss. Defend yourself! Your life shall pay for this.

(*Robbers fight*)

A generation later, when the Byron school of punsters was at its zenith, the highest ambition of the pantomime-writer seemed to be to work a pun, if possible, into every rhymed couplet. It is not recorded whether the delivery of such lines was the more trying to the actors or the audience, but the fashion continued year after year with astonishing tenacity, the puns themselves being carefully italicized in the printed book, which was sold at each performance. The plot had by now become a wild travesty of the original fairy legend, though it still preserved some coherency as a whole. Thus, given the same scene in the *Babes* to write, the author, in accordance with the change of fashion, would aim at something like this:

Girl: Was ever *pair* on such a *fruitless* quest! This *forest long* drives me to *long for rest.*

Boy: We're tired and hungry. Pity our condition when *supper's* nothing more than *supposition.*

First Robber: The hour has come to do what we have planned. We must *efface* them with a ruthless *hand.*

Second Robber: Put up that knife. My heart begins to fail.

First Robber: Put up this knife? You

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fool, it's not *for sale*. Why should we shirk the deed when once we've started?

Second Robber: The deed's too *foul!*

First Robber: And you're too *chicken*-hearted.

In course of time, a certain daring librettist — history is not clear as to his identity — demonstrated that a successful pantomime could be written entirely in prose. This revolutionized the whole entertainment and set the present-day fashion. It killed the pun and, incidentally, the legend, and paved the way for the introduction of the music-hall comedian, with his endless 'gags' and buffoonery, which still form the chief commodity of to-day's pantomimes. It has also practically killed the author, whose only remaining function seems to be to infuse a topical flavor into what may be termed his anticipatory collaboration in the gags of the comedians.

Hence, to revert again to the forest scene in the *Babes*, he would not, as an experienced writer, attempt anything more ambitious than the following:

Girl: How dark it gets. Is there a gas strike on?

Boy: Cheer up, we'll soon be home again. And oh, there is no place like home!

Second Robber: You're right. There's no place a bit like it round our district for rental or purchase, thanks to the housing problem.

First Robber: Enough! Cut the cackle; we have work to do, and there is no time to waste.

Boy: Work, did you say? Then *you* are not among the unemployed. Ha! What is that? Why that dagger?

Girl: And why those black looks?

Boy: Yes, why those black-and-tan looks? Do you take us for Sinn Feiners?

First Robber: Once more, enough. Prepare to meet your doom!

Second Robber: Two dooms!

Boy: Help!

Girl: Mercy!

Second Robber: Mercy? That's done it! If you can resist that appeal, Algernon, I cannot. Drop that dagger! (*Robber does so.*) Fool! I did n't tell you to drop it on my toe!

(*Limps round as children run off into the forest.* ROBBERS' *fight follows references to Carpentier, the heavy-weight championship, and so forth.*)

The final phase of pantomime, so far as the book is concerned, is not perhaps far distant, in view of the continued popularity of the picture palace. That phase is its total extinction. Then, presumably, we shall start again with what is really 'pantomime.'

J. H. W.

Mr. Laurence Binyon

ELKIN MATTHEWS of London has just published *The Secret*,* sixty poems, by Laurence Binyon. In the poem entitled 'Goblins' he speaks of man's ancient terror which comes down upon him on a beautiful June evening when the beans are in bloom.

> I look down upon me and mine
> As with translated eyes,
> My struggle in rapture and anguish
> But noted like a fly's,
> My world at stake, my heaven and hell
> Small as a beetle's prize.

Stonehenge Restored

STONEHENGE is again left to its splendid solitude. The workmen have departed and the cranes and unsightly props have been removed. The great trilithons of the outer circle, flayed by time and weather and tottering to their fall, have been restored to their original vertical position. These mighty stones, which have stood for centuries the silent witnesses of a forgotten age, will stand again for centuries to come. Here

* *The Secret: Sixty Poems.* By Laurence Binyon. London: Elkin Mathews. [6*s.* net.]

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at the next summer solstice, pilgrims to Stonehenge will stand under the shadow of the central trilithon and see the sun rise over the 'Friar's hele,' much as our ancestors did in a remote and forgotten age.

To one standing there in the failing afternoon light on the rain-driven plain, with low, dark clouds racing overhead, this ancient temple of the sun had a grim and forbidding aspect. It was difficult to conjure up in the mind a vision of those solemn, religious rites of which it was once the scene. But the reflection was forced on one that those ancient Britons who assembled in this mysterious circle to worship the rising sun were the forbears of a world-flung race on which the sun never sets. If the builders of Stonehenge could return to see, they would marvel at the endurance of their own handiwork. They would think they had builded better than they knew, for they could not suspect that these ancient stones have been preserved by the hand of modern man.

While this work was in progress, a scheme of archæological research has been carried out by the Society of Antiquaries. The excavation of the foundations of the monoliths was done with the greatest care. The soil was removed in layers according to datum level; usually six inches at a time; and each layer was carefully sifted and examined. Among the objects found in the soil thus removed, were roughly-worked flints and flint instruments, fragments of pottery of the Bronze Age and the Romano-British period, part of an armlet of two-strand bronze wire, an iron nail and buckle, and one or two indefinite fragments of brass or bronze. There were also found a George III farthing, a sixpence of Elizabeth, and a Lee-Enfield cartridge, which had, no doubt, fallen through cracks in the sun-baked soil.

Things That Have Interested Me

Such is the title of Mr. Arnold Bennett's latest volume. Turning to literature, he will tell you:

A bond will be created if you ask a man where is the finest modern English prose and he replies: 'In *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*.'

Mr. Bennett is always hunting the superlative. He wants the best of everything, and he won't be happy till he finds it.

Wagner in Paris

So successful was the recent Wagnerian performance at the Opéra, that a frequent place will in future be found in the repertory for nearly all the Wagnerian works. The choice of *The Valkyrie* to begin the new series of the Ring productions was exceedingly happy; first, on the ground of its popularity, and, second, because it did not call for such elaborate preparation as some of the other operas.

The fact is that the experiment — for experiment it was, decided upon in fear and trembling — was hastily agreed to by the Minister of Beaux-Arts in consequence of the recent clamor of the press, the public, and even the personnel of the Opéra, for the restoration of Wagner to his rightful place. The situation had become ridiculous. For over a year Wagner — not merely in symphonic fragments, but in whole acts — has figured upon Parisian musical programmes, but from the stage of the Opéra he was rigorously banished.

Mr. Drinkwater's New Plays

Oliver Cromwell, one of Mr. John Drinkwater's two new plays, will be seen in London, possibly about the end of this year, with Mr. Henry Ainley in the title part. Mr. Ainley has secured the English rights of the play, and Mr. Drinkwater is to produce it for him.

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The play is in eight scenes, and opens with Cromwell, before the Civil War, at his home in Ely; it finishes when he has been Protector just a year. 'I have not tried at all,' Mr. Drinkwater said yesterday, in an interview with a representative of the *Observer*, 'to give the very curiously complex religious fanaticism which is one side of the character of Cromwell, but to present quite plainly the man of single and set purpose coming out from obscurity at a crisis in his country's history, to save the freedom of England. I am tremendously pleased that Mr. Ainley is going to play Cromwell, because I think he is unquestionably the best man on the English stage for the part.' Hampden, Ireton, Charles I, and Cromwell's mother and daughter are important characters in the play.

Mary Stuart, Mr. Drinkwater's other new play, is constructed more or less on the Greek principle, and is in one continuous scene. 'It is an attempt,' Mr. Drinkwater said, 'to bring all the psychological interest of the character of Mary Stuart into the compass of one evening's action — the evening of Rizzio's murder. And it is Mary Stuart at twenty-four, at the height of her magic and beauty. I have made no arrangements yet for the production of the play in England, although I have one or two things in view with regard to it. Miss Edyth Goodall was to have played Mary Stuart, and I should have been very happy for her to do it, but unfortunately, her management has come to an end.' Darnley, Bothwell, and Rizzio appear in the play.

Both plays are to be produced in America by Mr. William Harris, Jr., who is the manager owning the American rights of *Abraham Lincoln*. *Mary Stuart* is already in rehearsal, and will be produced in New York within the next few weeks. Miss Laurette Taylor was going to play the title part, but whether this original arrangement is being adhered to or not, Mr. Drinkwater has not heard.

Mr. Drinkwater will himself be in New York about the time of the production, for he has already arrived in the United States, mainly for the purpose of lecturing in twenty or thirty of the principal cities on the place of poetry and drama in the work of the world, and its effect upon modern affairs and international relations.

Mr. Drinkwater spoke of his deep desire to do everything that is possible to cement the understanding between England and America. 'I am perfectly certain,' he said, 'that the solid body of thoughtful and intelligent feeling on both sides is thoroughly sane, but there are reactionary elements which thrive in an atmosphere of misunderstanding, and it is necessary to suppress them. It is so important, therefore, that everyone should do all that is possible to emphasize the points of understanding between us, and not to dwell unduly upon the perfectly natural differences. To cement the understanding seems to me really a most important thing.

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[*Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo American Daily), *December 19, 1920*]

THE ESPERANTO OF THE ORIENT

BY SARA MOFFAT SCHENCK

AMONG the strangest of the weird sounds that assail the bewildered ears of the newcomer from the Occident to the Far East is the outlandish jargon that he hears from the lips of his own people. It is not so much the singsong of the native of Canton or Peking, or the unaccented flow of syllables he hears in the streets of Tokyo that surprise him — these he expected to be outlandish — but the strange new words he hears in daily use by those who hail, perhaps, from his own home town.

His first impression is that these terms come from the new land he is exploring, and when he hears Charlie, from Keokuk, Iowa, speaking of his 'shroff and his compradore,' and May, from Trenton, New Jersey, referring to a 'chit' inviting her to 'tiffin,' he marvels at their cleverness at 'picking up the language.' Soon the 'griffin' is using these terms as glibly as the rest of the Orient-inhabiting Occidentals. Probably he continues to use them to the end of his sojourn in the Far East, without bothering to inquire as to their origin or derivation.

Certainly they are not, most of them, either Chinese or Japanese. As a matter of fact, they are proper terms in no language, unless the jargon of the foreigner in the Far East may be considered a language. From many tongues and from many lands they come, most of them by the very elementary process of corruption and mispronunciation. Many are but the result of the attempt of Western tongues to twist around strange new sounds. Together they form a *lingua franca* of the Orient, a vocabulary in which men of widely varying cultures and tongues converse together. They make up an Esperanto common to the far flung ports from Kamchatka to Bombay that have been invaded by the foreign trader. Something of the outlandish romance of strange new places cling to these words, and coming to the ears of one unused to them, they seem a part of all the bizarre sights, the uncouth sounds and the wild smells that bewilder his senses when first he sets foot on the Bund of some Oriental treaty port.

Altogether, they form a very considerable vocabulary. Some have originated in Japan and traveled southward and westward to India, and many have come from India and spread to all the Orient, from Bombay to Hakodate, including Java and the settlements of the Malay Archipelago, gathering new additions at every stop.

Not always are these terms corruptions of native words pronounced by Occidentals. Very often a term in current use is a corruption of an European word as heard by the Oriental ear and rendered by the Oriental tongue. The Portuguese, Dutch, and French are all responsible for a certain amount of this hybrid vocabulary, but the Portuguese probably have more words to their count than any other, as they were the first Europeans to take an active part in Oriental trade. Especially is this true of many place names in the Orient.

These various terms, having once

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become established, have persisted through many years, and through many changes in the fortunes of the nations which first made use of them. Not a few have become incorporated into the English language, and have found their way into English dictionaries.

The following is a partial list of the terms, with their meanings and derivations, that are understood by all Occidentals in the Orient, and by most natives who have any dealings with foreigners, from 'somewhere east of Suez' to Yokohama.

Amah: This word is applied throughout the Orient by foreigners to a maid-servant, especially to a nurse-maid. There is considerable discussion as to the origin of the word, some attributing it to the Hindustani word meaning nurse, some to the Chinese word with the same meaning, while others state that it is no more than the Portuguese term, *ama*, meaning nurse-maid, or maid, under certain conditions.

Beri-beri: This is a Malay word used commonly by foreigners as the name for a disease in the East, known in Japan as *kakke*, which has hitherto been an obscure mysterious complaint, manifesting itself by a great variety of symptoms, and claiming as its victims many of the inhabitants of the Malay and Eastern Archipelagoes, India, China, and Japan.

Bonze: This term is generally thought to be a corruption of the Japanese word *bozu*, meaning priest. It was brought from Japan by the Portuguese and has since been used to denote any priest, although in Cochin-China, China, and the neighboring countries, this term is applied to the priests of the *Fuh*.

Boy is the term first learned by all those who come to the Orient. It is used to denote the man-servant who waits on the table or performs other domestic service. When it was first used, or why, is not known.

Bund comes from the Hindustani word *band*, an artificial causeway or embankment. It is generally applied to the broad driveway along the water front, common to Oriental port cities. From this comes the word *bunder* used in Shanghai and other places to mean an untrue rumor, a canard.

Bungalow is now a good English word which came originally from the Hindustani word *banglah*, meaning a one-storied house.

Cash is derived from the word *cashee*, used by the Chuliahs or Klings of India for coin. It is now applied by foreigners to the copper coin with the square hole in the centre, current in China and Japan. The value in China of this coin is approximately one-tenth of a cent, and in Japan it is much less.

Catty: This term is used mostly in China, although it is understood pretty much throughout the East. It comes from the Malay word, *kati*, and stands for a measure of weight equal to one and one third pounds. In Chinese it is called *chin*, and in Japanese, *kin*.

Chit: This word is widely used, and with two different meanings. It may mean a bill or memorandum of an expenditure, in which case it is derived from the Hindustani word, *chittha*, which means the same thing. Or it may be used to indicate a note or letter, when it comes from the Hindustani word, *chitthi*, meaning a letter. The British are responsible for its use in the Orient.

Compradore comes from the Portuguese verb, *comprar*, to buy. It is used by foreigners to designate the Chinese, or other native agent, who does buying and selling for them. It is often used by foreign banks in the East to mean the native underwriter, the man between the bank and the customer. It is sometimes used in China to mean a storekeeper who handles foreign goods.

Congee is a word used all over India

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and largely in China to mean the water in which rice has been boiled. It is derived from the Tamil word, *kanji*.

Chop is the word applied to the brand put on goods, and roughly corresponds to the word trademark. It is also applied to the business seal of firms doing business in China, Japan, Java, and other places. This word may be derived from the Canton pronunciation of the character meaning to puncture; or it may come from the Hindustani word, *chapna*, meaning to stamp or to print.

Chop-chop is a pure pidgin-English expression, meaning 'hurry up!' It comes from the Canton pronunciation of the ideograph meaning hurry, reduplicated.

Chop-sticks: This is an English word now, meaning the pair of bamboo, wood, or ivory sticks with which the Chinese or Japanese take up food. The word *chop* is the Cantonese pronunciation of the word hurry, the same as above, the name of the implements actually meaning 'hasteners.'

Chow is the corruption of the Chinese word meaning food. It is a slang expression in most cases, being a pidgin-English term. From this, comes the term Chow Dog as applied to a certain brand of dogs common in China. This name was first applied to the dogs under the common but fallacious impression that the dogs were used for food.

Coolie: There is considerable discussion as to the origin of this word, although all agree that it is a corruption of some Indian word. One writer on the subject says that the term comes from the Tamil word, *Kuli*, from South India, where it means hire or wages, and that it was applied by Europeans to the native laborers, many of these coming from the Tamil people of Madras. Others say it comes from the name of a tribe of hillmen from the Deccan, called Kolas or Kules. Bishop Heber in his Indian journal speaks of Kholees as the name of a degenerate race of Rajpoots in Guzerat who, from the low occupations in which they are generally employed, gave a name, probably through the medium of the Portuguese, to the bearers of burdens all over India, whence all over the Orient.

Jinriksha, often abbreviated to riksha, is the light, two-wheeled vehicle drawn by a man used for one or two passengers. Its invention is attributed to an American missionary in Japan about 1870, and its use has spread all over the Orient, even to the Cape of Good Hope, where the roads are suitable, man-power throughout all these countries being still the cheapest locomotive force. The word comes from the Japanese word *jinrikisha*, meaning man-power-cart.

Joss: This is a term much used by foreigners, and has a slightly contemptuous shading. It comes from the Portuguese word, *Deos*, meaning God. Foreigners speak of incense offerings as joss-sticks; of temples as Joss-houses; of good joss and bad joss, and so forth.

Junk is the term now applied to all native sailing boats of a size exceeding the smallest boats. It comes from the Portuguese word, *Junco*, meaning boat, which was a corruption of the Malay word, *jong*, abbreviated from *ajong*. Some say it comes from the Japanese word, *Jung*, meaning a large boat.

Lascar is not a race, as is often thought, but a class of people in India. The term comes from the Persian word, *leskar*, meaning army, hence navy, and from that to sailor. An Indian sailor, a class largely employed by British and other boats trading in the Orient, is now known to the world as a Lascar.

Loquat comes from the Cantonese

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pronunciation of *lu chu*, or rush orange, or medlar.

Lorcha is a word from the Portuguese given to a small vessel whose hull is of western build, but whose masts and sails are Chinese.

Lowdah is the term applied to the head boatman in China. It literally means old great one, and is used by the Chinese to mean the skipper of a junk.

Mandarin: Williams says this term comes from the Portuguese word, *mandar*, to rule. Professor Schott says: 'We first received the word mandarin through the Portuguese navigators. It is, however, no more Portuguese or Spanish than Chinese, but is the Sanskrit *mantrim*, counsellor, which, with a multitude of other Sanskrit words, passed over very early to the Malays, among whom even now it means a high dignitary. Now, since those Portuguese discoverers became acquainted with Malaya earlier than with Chinese, it is easily explainable that they should choose a word in use among the Malays, in order to designate a Chinese official. All that they did was to make the word easy of pronunciation by the insertion of a new vowel, and softening t to d.'

Mandarin Duck is so called as being considered superior to other kinds. It is the emblem, among Chinese, of conjugal fidelity.

Mandarin Orange is so called for the same reason. More common kinds of this loose skinned orange are called coolie oranges.

Maskee comes from the Portuguese word, *masque*, meaning notwithstanding, nevertheless, but, in general use in pidgin-English, it now means 'never mind.'

Another Maskee comes from the Portuguese *mausim*, meaning season. It is applied to the trade wind in the East Indian Ocean blowing in one direction for six months, then in the opposite direction for the same period.

Paddy comes from the Malay *padi*, meaning rice in the ear, or unhusked. 'Paddy-fields' is the common expression among foreigners in the Orient to mean fields of rice, or the fields that are kept under water.

Pagoda: Here again there is a difference of opinion concerning the origin of the term. 'The word Pagoda is descended from the Sanskrit *Chagavati* through the Persian *bootkuda*, or the Hindustanee *poutkhoda* or *bootkhoda*, and means "the house of idols," "the abode of God," or "Holy House." According to the original use of the word in India, it is a name given to the various buildings where they worship idols, and it has been employed in the same indiscriminate way by some writers on China, but the majority of modern writers restrict the use of the term to the tower-like structure common in China,' is the verdict of Mr. J. Dyer Ball. Another authority says: 'The word probably comes from Persian or Hindustani words which mean the house of idols. The French use it correctly for a group of religious buildings, the English less correctly for a single tower, perhaps not connected with religion.'

Picul is the term used to denote a measure of weight, usually about one hundred and thirty-three pounds avoirdupois. The Chinese word is *tan* and the Japanese word is *hakkin*.

Pidgin is generally thought to be the Chinese attempt to pronounce the word business, although some maintain that the term originated in the Hindustani word, *pachna*, to take pains, to labor. The former seems the more reasonable explanation, as it came into use in the old Canton days when very few foreigners spoke Chinese and no Chinese knew English. It is 'an extraordinary jargon in use between native servants, shopmen, and so forth, on the one side, and foreigners who do

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not speak Chinese on the other.' It consists of a limited number of English words, and a few other words, used more or less according to Chinese idiom, and also mispronounced. 'Good pidgin' means good business, and so forth.

Porcelain, a word long in good use in English, possibly does not properly belong in this list, but since its origin is due to the manufacture of this ware in China, it may not be uninteresting. The word is from the Portuguese *porcellana*, a cowrie shell, which was so called because its shape resembled the rounded back of a little pig. When the ware was first introduced into Europe from China, its resemblance to these shells was remarked, and the name porcellana was thereupon applied to it, which soon became porcelain.

Punkah is the 'Hindustani name of a large palm-leaf fan, the stalk of which is rested on the ground, while the leaf itself is waved behind the party to be fanned. The word is now applied throughout the East to the swinging frames, with cloth vallances, fitted in European houses.'

Rattan comes from the Malay, *rotan*. It is a species of Asiatic climbing palm that is split and used for making a variety of articles, seats of chairs, and so forth.

Sampan literally means in Chinese 'three planks,' but is generally applied to any small native boat, not a junk. The term originated in the construction of the boats in the rivers and canals of China, being actually made of three boards.

Shroff is said to come from the Arabian word, *sarraf*, banker. In the first use of it by foreigners, it was applied to a silver expert employed in banks, to examine dollars. Later it acquired a wider application and is now used to mean the employe who collects accounts for a firm.

Squeeze is a slang term in wide use meaning the commission taken by all servants buying for their masters, extortion or peculation. 'The first recorded use of the word in this sense is in a letter from Catchpole to the directors of the East India Company.'

Sycee comes from the Chinese terms *hsi ssu*, which means fine silk. It is usually applied to Chinese lump silver because this, when heated, can be drawn out into silk-like threads.

Taipan is a pure Chinese word meaning great manager. It is used to mean the manager of a foreign business firm, but at one time was applied to foreign consuls in China.

Tiffin is neither a Chinese word nor an Indian, coming from the Near East. It is the Arabic word, *taffanun*, and simply means the midday meal.

Topee comes from India, the land where sun-helmets are most needed. It is the Hindustani word, *topi*, and is used by Europeans to mean the special kind of pith hat, designed as protection from the deadly rays of the Indian sun.

Typhoon: There is probably more discussion about the etymology of this word than of any other word that has come out of the Orient. It might well be derived from the Chinese word, *tai feng* or *tai fung* meaning simply 'big wind.' The Japanese expression, *tai fu*, having the same meaning, also approximates the sound. Some authorities, however, think it comes from the Arabian word, *tufan*, meaning tempest, and that it was brought by the Arabs to the Indian Archipelago, where the Portuguese heard it from the Malays. Others again attribute it to the Greek word, *Typhus*, and quote Milton as proof. Again, others say that Pinto was the first foreign writer to use the word, in 1560, and he calls it a Chinese term.

This list is by no means complete, even of the words known to the whole Orient, while if it were enlarged by

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words used in more restricted localities, the list would swell to large proportions. Wherever foreigners live among the native populations of the Orient, they adopt a certain number of the words of that particular place, many being the names of objects unknown in other parts of the world.

[*The New Statesman*]

ON GIVING UP SMOKING

BY Y. Y.

I HAVE only one fault to find with giving up tobacco. It makes a man boastful. I have only one fault to find with his boastfulness. It is usually premature. This time, however, I have really given up smoking. It happened at the stroke of the New Year. Not exactly at twelve o'clock midnight, for I am no precisian. I had a friend with me till two in the morning, and it would not be polite to give up tobacco in the middle of a conversation. It would be gross and inopportune, like making a scene in church. Consequently, I post-dated the entrance of the New Year till eight o'clock in the morning.

On an ordinary morning, when a man wakes at eight, he is faced by a simple enough problem. 'Shall I get up,' he finds himself asking, 'or shall I have breakfast in bed?' It is a problem which a thoughtless man settles in five seconds, but over which a thoughtful man may well ponder for a couple of hours. On waking at eight, however, on a morning on which one has given up tobacco, one feels like a schoolboy confronted for the first time with the binomial theorem. 'If I get up,' you ask yourself, 'what am I to do? On the other hand, if I stay in bed, what am I to do?' You know that, whether you rise or stay in bed, you will not have begun the second cup of coffee when your hand will reach out automatically in search of the cigarettes. It is as natural as blinking. Try to keep your eyelids open for twenty minutes and you will realize a part of the effort that is required to control the human hand as it reaches out for an after-breakfast cigarette. You will have to concentrate every faculty you possess on that miserable little purpose. You will not be able to read the paper without moving your eyelids. You will not be able to talk without it. You will not be able to work without it.

Seeing that it was useless for a man beginning a new life to attempt to do anything else at the same time, I remained in bed till luncheon, in the hope that I might solve my difficulties in sleep. But I could not sleep: I could only feel cross. Now, I had made a resolution not to be cross in the New Year. Neither the children nor the cat, neither the servants nor the government, were to know the rough edge of my tongue any more. Yet here I was, already fuming like a volcano, and the bell not yet gone for noon. Had I met my enemy in such a mood, I should have poured boiling lava down his neck. I am sure I should have. Here was I, an infinitely better man than I had been twenty-four hours previously, and yet in an infinitely worse temper than I had known since the last time I gave up tobacco — gave it up, I mean, genuinely.

I do not know how I could have got through the rest of the day if I had not left myself what moralists may regard as a loophole, but what I regard as a graceful concession to human nature. I am no believer in absolute virtue. That is for another world. Life is mainly a compromise, and there is a crucial difference between

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being a practical teetotaller and being a practising teetotaller. I myself, I may say, am a practical teetotaller. I inhabit the lower slopes of virtue, and dare not aspire to the heights. Not that I am niggard of respect to those who can clamber up the frozen brows of precipices and stand on them, elate and ungiddy. I salute them from afar. I feel that on this huge mountain of virtue we are all brothers. But nature herself teaches us that, while some may climb to the roof of Mont Blanc for pleasure, it is lower down that you must look not only for fruit and flower but for the dingdong works of practical man.

Anyhow, in all humility, I made a compromise. I resolved that, though I would give up tobacco, I would not give it up so absolutely as to forbid myself to smoke a cigarette if I were having a meal with a friend. At first, I limited myself to two cigarettes. Then, on consideration, I said three. I admit that, when I first made my resolution about tobacco, I had not thought of humanizing it in this way. But I remembered that I had to go out to dinner on New Year's night, and I felt that it would be an act of discourtesy to my host to appear sullen and self-centred, as a man wholly given up to the attempt to lead a new life is bound to appear. My compromise was a social, not a selfish, act. It was a compliment to my host at my own expense. It had the incidental advantage of enabling me to get through Saturday without breaking my resolution.

True, I was unable to work. All the afternoon I could do nothing but think of my symptoms. My temples were as if pressed in a vice. My lower eyelids began to smart as though I had been several nights without sleep. My throat ached drily. Generally speaking, I felt all gone to pieces — the sort of person you see described in a patent-medicine advertisement. On looking in the glass, I could see that I had aged. My skin was yellow and haggard. My eyes were hollow and had dark rings under them. I knew that I had only to light a cigarette, and the pain in my throat and my eyes would disappear. But I did not light it. I sat in my chair with my mouth open, thinking of dinner.

About five, I tried a game of auction, but I found myself wanting to go sixteen no trumps, which seemed to me funny but to the others merely hysterical. Luckily, the dinner was an early one. I felt younger with every course, not because I am particularly fond of food, but because each course brought me a stage nearer my first smoke of the day. My only criticism of the meal would be that the others lingered rather long over the ices. Even this, however, worked to my advantage. It was during the ices that I boldly faced the problem whether a cigar and a cigarette are technically the same thing or technically different. It was a problem, I may say, that, though I had been a smoker for twenty-five years, I had never faced before. I have never liked cigars. Now, however, as I looked round my fellow-guests all sipping their ices as if they were going to live to be a thousand, it slowly struck me that a cigar was merely a cigarette of larger growth.

A year ago I should have said that a cigar was equal to six cigarettes. Now I realized that a cigar was essentially the same as a cigarette, and that, with a cigar and two cigarettes, I might be able not only to keep my resolution but to keep it joyfully. It was a jolly dinner. Not being a cigar-smoker, I dared not convert all three of my cigarettes into cigars, but you

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can suck the stump even of one cigar for quite a long time. It was like a speck of loose mould in my lips when at length I threw it away in the Tube on the way home.

Sunday was like Saturday — only worse. Abstinence from tobacco is a disease with easily recognized symptoms. Your pulse flags, your eye-sockets ache, your ankles swell. You begin to wonder whether your ankles are not thicker than your knees. You have seen the word 'Phat-pheet' in an advertisement, and you think you must be suffering from it. You cannot remember whether it is a disease or a cure, but your feet are so heavy that you feel you must have it. Then aphasia sets in. You forget how to spell 'accommodate.' You take up a newspaper and begin an article entitled 'Premiums for Babies.' But what you think you are reading is 'Petroleum for Babies,' and before you are half through the article you would give a sovereign to know whether it is you or the writer who is mad. When you are alone in the room, life is just tolerable. You can obtain a measure of relief from your hydraulically-pressed temples and your aching throat and eyes by screwing up your features into shapes you had never before thought of, but you must take care that no one comes in on you suddenly while you are doing so. Your wife will tell you that she cannot stay in the room with a man who is practising impersonations of the Idiot Boy.

The way of transgressors is hard, but the way of non-smokers is harder. I wonder if all non-smokers habitually behave as I behaved, on the 1st and 2nd of January. If so, I am not surprised that Stevenson advised women never to marry a man who does not smoke. Not to smoke, it seems to me, is the nearest thing to being a lunatic that a sane man can achieve. On Sunday, my reason was saved by a man who called about half-past six. He had already had tea, and so had I, and it was too early for dinner. But I vehemently insisted on his having a second tea, having decided that tea was a meal within the meaning of my oath. Then came three cigarettes, and it was not till after supper that I lost my temper again.

On Monday . . .

Now, on Monday, life is real, life is earnest. The problem immediately arose, how one was to work and not smoke at the same time. How to do two things at once? The thing is not possible save to a juggler, or a Sir Boyle Roche. I had taken my resolve, however, and I devoted the day to not smoking. With the help of luncheon with one friend, and tea with another, I contrived to get through a certain amount of routine work, but, as for attempting a book-review or even a poem, I might as well have tried to climb the moon.

On Tuesday . . .

On Tuesday I had a really important article to write. I had promised it — promised it not only to myself but to an editor. Now, my promise to give up tobacco was made only to myself. Even the people who solve breakfast-table problems in the *British Weekly* would, I think, admit that here was a nice case of conscience. Charitable reader, what would you have done in the circumstances? I will tell you what I did. I smoked. I did not smoke absolutely, however. I compromised. I resolved to find out the date of old New Year's Day, which must fall about the 12th, and to give up tobacco then. That is why — I am perfectly frank about it — I am smoking a pipe as I write. I am feeling a little better, but I have been down to the roots of the mountains.

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[*The Manchester Guardian*]

THE PRIEST'S GHOST

BY ROSAMOND LANGBRIDGE

It was Christmas Day in the disused coach-house of the Priest of Ballybeg, and Jacky the Jockey, otherwise 'The Priest's Ghost' (for he was wholly garbed in cast-off clerical attire), was keeping Christmas there.

It was his tenth Christmas as bequest in perpetuity to the parish priest of Ballybeg and his successors, and never yet had the Priest's Ghost spent such a poor one. Father Hannigan — God rest his decent soul! — was the one who gave Jacky the Jockey a squatter's tenure of the coach-house, which he never used himself; gave him the blankets for his bed, rigged him out in the clothes off his own back (so said Jacky the Jockey), and fed him with the choice cuts from his own table. And was n't it better than going into the house, said Jacky, for in feeding out of the priest's hand, he felt that he preserved his independence, and in the house, said Jacky, you did not.

From that day priests might come and priests might go from the parish of Ballybeg, but Jacky the Jockey remained, a fixture with the house and grounds, as a perpetual reminder from one incumbent to the other of the blessed virtue of charity. Of this appealing aspect of his case Jacky was well aware, and in making a present of himself to the priests of Ballybeg he felt that he was doing the souls of the priests the very best of good turns.

But now it was a new priest, with a heavy, stumping foot and a loud voice, who had just come to Ballybeg, and though Jacky had not set eyes on him as yet, he had heard tell in the town that the new priest was 'brusky' in his manner and 'very edgy' with the beggars on the steps; and Jacky the Jockey was afraid of the sound of him, and he trembled for the tenure of the only home he had. He was in dread to leave the coach-house, and in dread to stop in it. But the Ballybeg people were kind, and, poor as they were in the 'town,' the Priest's Ghost did not starve; for, on account of his clerical clothes and his independent circumstances at the presbytery, Jacky the Jockey was honored, and able to hold his head high.

So daily, just after break of day, Jacky crept from his coach-house before the priest's household was stirring, and crawled along the road the two miles into Ballybeg, and hung about till hospitality was offered him, the poor old shrunken ghost of a superannuated priest and jockey rolled in one, till night fell, when, under cover of its shades, he crawled back to the priest's coach-house once again. But Jacky the Jockey was getting old, and he was used to having his meals served hot to him at stated times; and he felt that the times were very hard on him when he had to leg it in four miles for a bit of a meal.

It was getting almost dark on this bitter Christmas Day, but Jacky was afraid to light his scrap of candle, for fear Father Foley should see the light from his windows, follow it, and chase Jacky from the one home that he had. He had had a plate of something warm in Ballybeg at twelve that day, but four miles and more of walking up and down had whetted the appetite of the Priest's Ghost, and he felt the presence of his meal no more than he would feel a fly.

In the corner of the coach-house was yet another Ghost beside himself — the Ghost of Father Joyce's brougham. It was 70 years since Father Joyce was priest of Ballybeg; he was there twenty years, and the brougham was no

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chicken when he bought it, in the first year of his ministry. To Jacky the Jockey it was bed, and lounge, and club, and public-house in one; and when, night or day, he crept into the straw upon its floor and closed its sagging door with a conclusive bang, he was almost contemptuous of the Holy Cardinals in their plush chairs, so independent, so immune from worldly interference did the Priest's Ghost feel. Nevertheless, the brougham was a poor old beggar of a ghost, much like himself, its leather jacket falling flapping off its back, and its cloth cushions the springy skeletons of their proud stuffed selves. Only one boast the time-worn brougham had: that, by the strangest miracle, no pane of its glass windows had been smashed.

The Priest's Ghost stepped into his carriage as proudly as Father Joyce had done a hundred years ago; and, as he clutched the seat, before he let himself down among the straw to doze his time away, his hand clenched a crackle of paper on the seat, and his fingers closed about a tiny packet which someone had left at the privacy of his club for him. He lit the stump of an old candle in the carriage lamp, and in its light he gazed upon the one gift of his Christmas Day—a little screw of snuff! The Lord knows who had sent it!—maybe, blessed Joseph himself! He worshipped snuff. He took a pinch, and blew himself at once into a drowsy flame of beatitude. . . .

Ah! his first Christmas with real snow. He stood, a child of five, in his first trousers (as it was Christmas Day), with long stalactites of petted golden curls about his face, at the window of his home, and watched the snowflakes fall. What were they like? The petals of white roses, goose-feathers, torn-up paper, crumbs of bread, the cotton-wool in the Crib over at the church! . . . Abroad, in the street, was an invisible hovering host of saints and Father Christmases, and a visible throng of blue-faced little boys and girls, most of them blowing tin trumpets and mouth-organs newly ripped from Christmas surprise packets and frail net stockings, and within doors happiness was wafted everywhere upon the smell of a grand goose, and happiness reigned over all the world because of the real snow, and his first trousers.

'Ma-ma!' he screamed, suddenly aware of the falling snow, 'is it the Blessed Mother throwin' bread-crumbs to the hens?' . . .

And now, he brought back the Christmas he was courting Bridget Clune, and the spotted tie he wore!—and the butter on his hair to make it shine! And Bridget was asking him into her place to taste the barmbrack she had made, and what'd he do but pick the chair that stood against the wall because it had lost the one leg and could not stand by itself! And down he went on the floor—with his buttered hair and all! The shame of it tingled him still, and he felt this minute, he could throttle the silly screech of laughter out of Bridget with the grip of his two angry hands. . .

Now, as he slid backwards in the straw, with his mouth wide open and a long snore coming out of it, all unknown to Jacky the Jockey, steps and a lantern and voices were approaching the coach-house door.

'It was here I seen the light, Father . . . and I'm in dread of this place, for there's some Thing goes floosthering in the ashpit of a night . . . and in the town they are all saying to me, Did I see the Priest's Ghost yet, and they laughing.' . . .

Then Father Foley tried the coach-house door.

'There's the light, right enough!' said he, 'and will you look at this for an old shandrydan!' and with that he

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pulled open the brougham door. Then the housekeeper fled at the sight of Jacky the Jockey, and in the distance he could hear her crying, ''Tis the Priest's Ghost, sure enough!' But Father Foley looked at Jacky, and then, as gently as he could, he closed the door again.

Jacky the Jockey kept Christmas on Boxing Day that year; for when he came home at night on that day he found the coach-house decorated like the Crib at the church itself. There were colored candles in the carriage lamps, and, inside the brougham, a little table spread with Christmas fare, and on the carriage seats were Christmas offerings of tobacco, a warm scarf, and wollen mittens. Withal, there was an invitation in Father Foley's writing addressed to 'Jacky the Jockey, our Guest' (for by now he had heard the whole tale), inviting him to supper at the house that night.

''Twill be the bad day for your Reverence when you shift the Priests' Pet,' he said to Father Foley at supper, 'for they are all saying that Jacky the Jockey is a Luck-bringer! And if you decorate my poll with your own hat, I would n't be surprised, Father, but what I decorate your honor with a holy cardinal's hat!'

And, sure enough, Father Foley became a cardinal in the long run; and the Ballybeg people forgot he had promised a cardinal's hat to all the Ballybeg priests in turn; and so Jacky the Jockey died a prophet in his own country.

[*The Anglo-French Review*]

A DEDICATION

BY LAURENCE BINYON

THE thousands of the brave, the happy young,
Our loves and lovers, fallen in France, have shrined
That earth for us, and France's name comes kind
On English lips. But you, her children, sprung
From the old liberal soil, so rudely wrung,
Out of our own hard pain have we divined
Your harder pain; hurt body and tortured mind,
Where those polluting claws have torn and clung.

France, dear to men that honor human things,
To have helped or heartened any of these your maimed
And homeless, is itself felicity:
It is to know what suffering man can be;
How great his heart, when fed from splendid springs;
What human virtue has made you loved and famed.

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[*The Anglo-French Review*]

CONCERNING ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY LORD CHARNWOOD

[This paper is a continuation of a series already published in the LIVING AGE.]

THESE desultory papers should soon have an end. But, having started in the last to speak of what may be called the origins of Lincoln, I learned before I had finished it that a book of importance in this connection is to appear this month, and, since the subject involves at least one acute though not momentous controversy, I shall wait for that book. Meanwhile, I will take opportunity of reproducing with a few prefatory words, a passage concerning Lincoln's attitude to religion which is to be found in my friend Mr. Henry B. Rankin's *Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln* (G. P. Putnam's Sons). To me, at any rate, it is moving and inspiring, and I have Mr. Rankin's kind permission to give any further publicity to it that I can.

Mr. Rankin himself, as a young man, studied law in the office of Lincoln and Herndon just before Lincoln's Presidency. His vaguer boyish recollections of Lincoln go back to 1846, and his mother knew well not only Lincoln, but his first love Ann Rutledge, and many other personages who figure in his early story. As for the pleasant and unpretending volume in which Mr. Rankin has lately set down his memories, it has a charm for those for whom Springfield, Illinois, and its inhabitants, and the elders among them, and their reminiscences of their own elders have such happy associations as they have for me. Beyond this, a careful student, desirous to know precisely what discount he should take off Herndon's account of Lincoln, could hardly do better than turn to this book. For that, in fact, notwithstanding that the author loyally magnifies his old instructor Herndon to some extent, is the admitted purpose of his writing.

With a fiery Quixotism, unquenched by advanced age, he takes up the cudgels for Mrs. Lincoln, the guardian of Lincoln's health and the assiduous prodder of that ambition of his which, in its self-regarding aspect, probably needed more stimulus than Herndon could suggest. In general, he is apprehensive that the abundance of trivial and more or less grotesque matter published about Lincoln, though intelligible to those who knew him, may mislead others, and serve to obscure 'the clean, plain, simple-mannered man that he always was.' Really, though Mr. Rankin applies the right corrective well, a corrective is not greatly needed. In one point I think he judges amiss. He is indignant at the report that at a time before he knew Lincoln well, he had suffered such grave mental perturbation as made some friends fear for his wits. Now, the evidence of the intense and abnormal depression through which Lincoln passed, more particularly at the time when he broke off his engagement with Mrs. Lincoln, is to be found

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in his own letters. And this detracts in no way from the truth, on which Mr. Rankin recurrently insists and which forms the very core of his personal recollection of him, the splendid sanity, normality, and steady balance of Lincoln. Men who attain in later life to this full true healthiness of mind have often passed through deep waters to get there. And Lincoln did pass through deep waters.

In a far more important point Mr. Rankin, though not in so many words, contradicts, and I think with reason, the view of Herndon and not a few others, that Lincoln's extremely practical and, where logic serves, logical intellect went along with some degree of exceptional insensitiveness on what may roughly be called the poetic side, and perhaps on the side of the affections. For any appreciative reader of Lincoln, or anyone who notes the leading traits of his life, such a view ought to need little refutation, but certainly it was a man sane and normal in the all-roundness (so far as circumstances permit that to any man) of his intellect and of his capacity of being interested, that Mr. Rankin depicts as taking his part in the literary studies of that singular law office at Springfield. That he had his vigorous individual likes and dislikes, with a power of quickly discarding or selecting, that he took against certain slightly eccentric great writers, notably Emerson and Carlyle, that, on the other hand, he loved one or two poems which are not of the first rank, for some personal association, or their congruity with his own deep sense of pathos, all this has sometimes been cited to show that this wholesomely complex and peculiarly mellow man of genius must have been dry and unimaginative, because he was humorous, practical, and reserved. Mr. Rankin's loving sketch of him, as his own kindly and alert mind recalls him, leaves no room for this shallow opinion.

This shallow opinion never took an absurder form than in the suggestion that he became either indifferent or without faith religiously because he parted firmly from the theology and the church-affiliation of his young days; or that because in ordinary intercourse he was silent about his deeper thoughts, the piety of some of his recorded private talks on special and affecting occasions was an invention of those he had talked to, and the prophetic emotion of some of his public utterances the mere expression of official decorum.

This strange view had for long its champions, Herndon among them, and perhaps has some still. For a true history, though in broad outline, of Lincoln's religious attitude, more materials do exist than in the case of most men. As Dr. Barton has pieced it out in *The Soul of Abraham Lincoln*, it is instructive enough, though there is nothing abnormal in the kind of fluctuation and variation with varying moods through which he passed, or unusual in the manifest deepening of his thought and feeling, as age, and real sorrows and heavy responsibilities came. Here, however, the record which I am about to quote shall stand by itself, with one further prefatory word as to its historical worth.

Mr. Rankin tells us that, in 1846, when Lincoln was a candidate for Congress, and a report had been put about that he was an 'infidel' (for which, by the way, the reverend gentleman who was his opponent made ample amends long after), he was present as a child when his own mother asked Lincoln as to the truth of the matter. Of Lincoln's manner and pose as he stood facing those in the room in silence for a few moments, and of his slow, impressive emphasis when he spoke, Mr.

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Rankin retains a clear recollection, but, naturally, remembers nothing of the words. More than forty years later, his mother dictated to him, as she remembered it, the substance of what Lincoln said. At first sight, her report so long after, might seem worthless, in spite of her son's assurance of her remarkably tenacious verbal memory. Moreover, the fact that in important points a reported conversation of Lincoln's, years later, expressed the like opinions, cuts both ways. But it is perfectly certain that the old lady would, during the intervening years, have gone over that conversation to herself again and again, and repeated it to many an intimate. Most people familiar with Lincoln's turn of speech and thought will see here very little sign of invention, conscious or unconscious, and will share Mr. Rankin's conviction that a large part of the recorded conversation is unmistakable Lincoln.

'Mrs. Rankin, you have asked me a question opening up a subject that is being thrust into this Congressional campaign, and which I have resolved to ignore. It is one having no proper place, or call for an answer by me, in the political present or future before us. I will not discuss the character and religion of Jesus Christ on the stump! That is no place for it, though my opponent, a minister of His gospel, thinks it is. But in this private circle of friends, with the inquiry coming from you, Mrs. Rankin, who have known me as long as any of my Salem friends, and in some respects more intimately than any of them, I will frankly answer your question. I do not wish what I may say here, now, to be quoted in this Congressional canvass to any one, and I am sure that I can depend that every one of you will respect my wishes. [This they did.]

'At the time you refer to [continued Mr. Lincoln], I was having serious questionings about some portions of my former implicit faith in the Bible. The influences that drew me into such doubts were strong ones — men having the widest culture and strongest minds of any I had known up to that time. In the midst of those shadows and questionings, before I could see my way clear to decide on them, there came into my life sad events and a loss that you were close to, and you knew a great deal about how hard they were for me, for you were, at the time, a mutual friend. Those days of trouble found me tossed amidst a sea of questionings. They piled big upon me, experiences that brought with them great strains upon my emotional and mental life. Through all I groped my way until I found a stronger and higher grasp of thought, one that reached beyond this life with a clearness and satisfaction I had never known before. The Scriptures unfolded before me with a deeper and more logical appeal, through these new experiences, than anything else I could find to turn to, or ever before had found in them.

'I do not claim that all my doubts were removed then, or since that time have been swept away. They are not. Probably it is to be my lot to go on in a twilight, feeling and reasoning my way through life as questioning, doubting Thomas did. But in my poor, maimed, withered way, I bear with me as I go on, a seeking spirit of desire for a faith that was with him of the olden time, who, in his need, as I in mine, exclaimed: "Help thou my unbelief."

'I do not see [he went on to say, after leaving his position on the hearth and resuming his former seat], I do not see that I am more astray — though perhaps in a different direction — than many others whose points

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of view differ widely from each other in the sectarian denominations. They all claim to be Christian, and interpret their several creeds as infallible ones. Yet they differ and discuss these questionable subjects without settling them with any mutual satisfaction among themselves.

'I doubt the possibility, or propriety, of settling the religion of Jesus Christ in the models of man-made creeds and dogmas. It was a spirit in the life that He laid stress on and taught, if I read aright. I know I see it to be so with me.

'The fundamental truths reported in the four gospels as from the lips of Jesus Christ, and that I first heard from the lips of my mother, are settled and fixed moral precepts with me. I have concluded to dismiss from my mind the debatable wrangles that once perplexed me with distractions that stirred up, but never absolutely settled anything. I have tossed them aside with the doubtful differences which divide denominations — sweeping them all out of my mind among the non-essentials. I have ceased to follow such discussions or be interested in them.

'I cannot without mental reservations assent to long and complicated creeds and catechisms. If the Church would ask simply for assent to the Saviour's statement of the substance of the law: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," — that Church would I gladly unite with.'

[*The National Review*]

PEPYS AS AN ART COLLECTOR AND CRITIC

BY E. ALFRED JONES

THE son of a tailor, Samuel Pepys may be justly described as the first middle-class collector, and critic of objects of art in England. The extravagance of the age in which he lived was perhaps not without effect on his early desires for the acquisition of luxuries. His gradually increasing prosperity may be traced from the day in January 1659-60, when, at the age of twenty-seven, his dinner consisted of plain bread and cheese, to the costly dinners served on silver plates mentioned later. In the same month, too, Pepys laid the foundation of his noble library, now the glory of his alma mater, Magdalene College, Cambridge, by the purchase of a Hebrew Grammar.

The taste and appreciation of the immortal diarist for the refinements of life received an early training by his classical education at St. Paul's School, and at Cambridge, the effects of which were apparent from the time of his first visit to Audley End, 'without comparison one of the stateliest palaces in the kingdom,' as Evelyn had described it a few years earlier. Pepys viewed with mighty admiration the glories of the house, the stateliness of the ceilings and of the chimney-pieces, the splendid pictures, especially the portrait of Henry VIII by Holbein.

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Descending into the cellar, Pepys and his companion, the landlord of the White Hart Inn at Saffron Walden, drank most admirable drink, and health to King Charles II.

His love of music, one of his cherished joys to the end of his life, is evinced by his playing on his flageolet, which produced an excellent echo among the barrels of wine in the vast cellars. Instructive, as a revelation of his increasing powers of observation and more critical taste, is his account of his later visit to Audley End, when he declared the ceiling, previously praised for its stateliness, to be less impressive and the staircase exceeding poor. While the house contained a great many pictures, there was only one good one, the portrait of Henry VIII. The furniture is described as so ancient that he would not find room for it in his own house. From this noble mansion Pepys was taken to the ancient almshouses of Edward VI at Saffron Walden, and was there regaled with a draught of drink from a mazer-bowl of wood 'tipt' with silver, which, on being emptied, revealed to his astonished gaze a picture of the Holy Virgin done in silver.*

The first recorded addition to Pepys's collection of plate was made in June 1660, when he accepted a bribe in the shape of five pieces of gold for himself, and a silver can for Mrs. Pepys. If this 'can' was a mug, it is an interesting and early name for this type of drinking vessel—a name which has survived to this day in New England. Shortly afterwards he bought, or was given, the only known piece which has survived from his large collection, namely, the plain caudle-cup exhibited by Miss Cockerell at St. James's Court and illustrated in the catalogue.

* This identical mazer-bowl with silver mounts hall-marked in London in 1507–8, and with a silver disc of the Virgin Mary set in the interior, is still preserved at the almshouse.

At this date, we are introduced to the name of one of London's most opulent goldsmiths in the person of Alderman Edward Backwell, the virtual founder of English banking, but this worthy's name is of more interest in the history of banking than in the annals of the goldsmith's craft, his business having been concerned mainly with banking. He was not a craftsman himself, but a buyer and seller of plate, an intermediary between the craftsmen and the public. To Backwell's shop Pepys betook himself on July 4, 1660, to buy a 'state dish and cup' * in chased work at a cost of £19, as a gift for his patron, William Coventry, afterwards Sir William Coventry.

Although, perhaps, more appropriately included in a section devoted to Pepys's activities as a bibliophile, his purchase of a Bible adorned with silver crosses deserves notice here, on account of the decoration in silver.

The frequent visits of Pepys to the shops of London goldsmiths—Alderman Backwell, Sir Robert Vyner, and others—quickened and stimulated his taste for the masterpieces of that art. A proud moment in his life was on the occasion when his friend and patron, Edward Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich, asked him to buy a piece of plate as a gift for Stephen Fox. The piece selected was a tankard from Beauchamp, the goldsmith in Cheapside. This was displayed at a private dinner given by Fox a few days later to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, and others, when the health of Lord Sandwich was drunk with due ceremony

* A 'state dish and cup' was a dish or salver on a large foot, and the companion cup was one of the familiar caudle-cups or porringers so popular in the reign of Charles II. Several of these dishes and cups have survived to this day. One of the most interesting pairs, made in London in 1668–9, was presented to Jonas Shish, His Majesty's Master Shipwright at Deptford, by the Duke of York, at the launching of the *Royal Charles*. This pair is now in the important collection of old English plate of Sir Ernest Cassel.

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and cordiality. Pepys's vanity was again mightily gratified by the acceptance by William Coventry, already mentioned, of a gift of plate, especially as Coventry had just refused a present of a noble pair of silver flagons from Commissioner Pett. Proudly going to Beauchamp, he selected a pair of silver candlesticks, which were dispatched in due course to the intended recipient, who took the giver's intention very kindly, but, by strange reversal of his original acceptance, returned the gift with a polite letter, which aroused mixed emotions in Pepys—mortification at the rebuff, but thankfulness at the return of so costly a gift.

Not without interest is the cost of wrought plate in the first year of the Restoration—eight shillings an ounce for a tankard selected by Pepys from the Jewel House in the Tower of London at the request of Lord Sandwich, as a present from the King in return for Lord Sandwich's New Year's gift to the King.* This sum would be equal to about forty shillings before the outbreak of the Great War in August, 1914.

Additions had been made by Pepys to his collection, but have not been recorded in his Diary, for he mentions plate which he took to Stevens, a goldsmith, to be cleaned for a dinner-party. A silver tankard was stolen from his house in this summer, to his great grief. In this same year he bought six silver spoons as a christening gift for a boy. Whether these were the Apostle spoons so popular as presents on such occasions cannot be determined, but they were probably of another pattern, since Apostle spoons were then going out of favor. Shortly afterwards he bought a silver cup and spoon for the godchild of Mrs. Pepys.

Pepys never lost an opportunity to examine historical or important plate. On this occasion of his official visit to Portsmouth, in April 1662, he noticed with admiration a present of plate from the town to the Queen, a 'salt-sellar of silver, the walls christall, with four eagles and four greyhounds standing up at the top to bear up a dish; which indeed is one of the neatest pictures of plate that I ever saw.'* This salt, and the plate presented to the Queen by the City of London in June 1662, are not now in the Royal Collection at Winsdor Castle; they may have been taken by the Queen (Catherine of Braganza) on her return to her native Portugal, together with the gold toilet service presented to her by the King, Charles II, at a cost of £4000, mentioned in Evelyn's Diary in 1673.

The 'great rarity' in the form of silver dishes set with ancient gold and silver medals, bought from an ambassador in need of money, which Pepys examined with manifest interest at the seat of Captain George Cocke at Greenwich, were probably not English, but some of the large dishes, embossed with busts of Roman Emperors and others, so popular as embellishments of plate in Germany from the middle of the seventeenth century.

The diarist now records with satisfaction the addition of a 'fair state dish and cup' embellished with his arms (this is the first mention of Pepys's arms on plate, though the cup exhibited at St. James's Court is engraved with his arms), a noble present, the best he had had, from William Warren.

At a dinner at Barber Surgeons' Hall, Pepys noticed among other 'observables' Holbein's picture of

* In fulfilment of an old custom by which presents were made by the Monarch on New Year's Day to courtiers and other distinguished persons, who returned the gift in plate or jewels.

* A salt answering this description was given to the Goldsmiths' Company in 1693 by Thomas Seymour, and may be the identical piece, though there are no regal emblems upon it.

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Henry VIII and the silver-gilt cup given by the King to the Company, with bells hanging on it, which every man is to ring by shaking, after he hath drunk up the whole cup in drinking the health of the royal donor.* Nothing escaped his keen eye. In dining with the Lord Mayor of London, he displayed marked interest in the historic sword, one of the treasures of the City. His observations on the Lord Mayor's banquet of this year are diverting and instructive to the student of ancient customs. The Lord Mayor and the Lords of the Privy Council alone were allowed the use of napkins and knives, while Pepys and other guests, regaled as they were with ten good dishes and abundant wine of divers sorts, were not provided with napkins or a change of the wooden trenchers from which they ate their food. Furthermore, they drank their wine out of pitchers of earthenware. Pepys was in general disappointed with the entertainment. Expecting to hear good music, there was only the noise of trumpets and drums, which displeased him, a lover and judge of music.

The ladies, too, were disappointing; not one handsome face could he discern in the ladies' room. Wearied with looking upon a company of ugly women, Pepys went into Cheapside and there saw the Lord Mayor's Show, a 'silly' entertainment.

One Captain Silas Taylor, in anticipation of future favors, presented Pepys with 'a little small state dish,' and in the same year his sideboard of plate was enriched by a tankard after the death of his brother Tom.

Many causes have contributed to the destruction of old English plate, but one of the most destructive, if the least known, was the custom particularly rife in the first half of the eighteenth century of sending old plate to the goldsmith to be melted and the metal remade into other objects in the prevailing fashion. Much of the royal plate in the possession of the Duke of York (afterwards James II) was doomed to this melancholy fate, as is known from Pepys's ejaculation when he beheld it for the first time, 'Lord, what a deal he hath!' in the presence of the Duke's goldsmith, then sorting out the old plate to change for new.

One of Pepys's most gratifying presents was a pair of the noblest silver flagons that he had ever seen, a gift from Mr. (afterwards Sir Dennis) Gauden, Victualer to the Navy. So noble were they that he could not think they were his; with a merry heart he looked upon them and locked them up. Ever keen to know the intrinsic value of his plate, he took the flagons to Stevens, the goldsmith, to be weighed, and to his great joy he was told that their weight was over 212 ounces, valued at five shillings an ounce. He was, however, astonished that the cost of the workmanship was so high as from five to ten shillings an ounce.*

With a proud heart Pepys now shows his plate to his poor relations, who 'eyed mightily' his 'great cupboard of plate,' on the same day that he displayed the Gauden flagons on his table, the whole forming a very fine sight, and better than he had ever hoped to see of his own. An addition to his cupboard was made shortly afterwards by the gift of a pair of very pretty candlesticks from one Lever, Purser General, much to the surprise of Pepys, who had done this man no service, but a disservice in the matter of his accounts. Another gift was a

* The cup here mentioned was made for the most part in the year 1523–4, with portions of a later date. Four little 'bells,' as stated by Pepys, hang from the bowl.

* Eight shillings was the cost of fashioning the tankard given by Charles II to Lord Sandwich.

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pair of large silver candlesticks and snuffers, from Harris, the sailmaker.

Not without interest in the history of English silver for the table, is the purchase by Pepys of some silver forks in the New Year of 1665, a very early anticipation of the general use of silver forks in England. His continued interest in plate is shown in January 1666, when he saluted his little goldsmith's wife, Mrs. Stokes, and bespoke a silver chafing dish for warming plates. Three weeks later he called for the chafing-dishes, having apparently bought more than one, and also took home a silver dredger. This good lady was doubtless the wife of Humphrey Stokes, at the Black Horse in Lombard Street.

Once more the cupboard of plate of our diarist is mentioned, this time in connection with his intention to pick out about forty pounds' worth to be changed for more useful pieces. Additions were now made to it after a visit to the shop of the goldsmith-banker, Sir Robert Vyner, where he had gone to see some silver plates made as a present from Captain George Cocke to my Lord Brouncker.* So charmed was Pepys with these plates that he bespoke a dozen for himself, but greater still was his joy when the generous captain begged him to accept them as a gift. To the great satisfaction and pride of Pepys these silver plates adorned his dining-table at a dinner given by him to Lord Sandwich and four others, when all things were mighty rich and handsome. Captain Cocke presented Pepys with another dozen silver plates obtained from Sir Robert Vyner. Added to his collection at the same time were a fair pair of candlesticks and six plates, truly 'a very pretty present,' from one Foundes.

* Silver plates of the Stuart period are of great rarity to-day. Twenty-two, varying in date from 1639 to 1643, are or were in the Kremlin, having been a gift from Charles I to the Tsar. Prince Rupert bought a set from Alderman Backwell, but this has probably been melted and the metal made into other objects.

Stirred as was the country at a time when public affairs were in a deplorable condition, the seamen in a state of mutiny for want of their just pay, our enemies, the French and Dutch, growing daily more turbulent, the city in a ruinous state since the Great Fire, the inhabitants moving elsewhere and no encouragement to traders, a sad and vicious and negligent court, and all sober men fearful of the coming ruin of the whole kingdom within a year—such is the gloomy picture painted by Pepys—yet amidst all this gloom he complacently contemplates his prosperous condition, abounding in good plate to such an extent as to enable him, as he proudly states, to serve his guests on silver plates, now two and a half dozen in number.

On January 4, 1667, he gave a great dinner-party, dazing all his guests by seeing themselves so nobly served in plate. As evidence of his great pride in his possessions, the following episodes are of interest. Lord Brouncker, a guest on one occasion, had taken much notice of the handsome Pepysian silver, especially admiring the fine flagons and observing merrily, though enviously, that Pepys could not have come honestly by them. Vexed at the peer's ignoble soul, he was determined to beware of him in future, but slyly rejoiced at the opportunity afforded him to show my Lord Brouncker that he was no mean fellow, and that he could live well in the world and be the happy possessor of good things. The second episode occurred at a large dinner-party, when he observed with evident satisfaction the way his guests looked upon all his fine plate; while the third was the dinner given by Sir William Penn, who had borrowed Pepys's silver plates—a dinner described by Pepys, a guest, as a sorry affair, with nothing handsome but these plates.

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Two more additions to his cupboard of plate are chronicled, namely, a standish and a snuff-dish.

An interesting circumstance now occurs in the Diary. On one of his frequent visits to the shop of Sir Robert Vyner, Pepys was shown two or three great silver flagons, engraved with inscriptions as gifts from the King to certain persons of quality who had rendered conspicuous services by remaining in town during the Great Plague.*

The arrival of the Dutch ships in the Thames created a panic in London. Pepys, anxious for the safety of his plate, adopted the same course as he had done in the Great Fire, and distributed it in different places, hoping thereby to save at least a portion of it in the event of the capture of London by the Dutch. His gold coin, to the value of £300, he carried in a girdle around his body.†

With a brief reference to his admiration of the splendor of the Coronation plate of Charles II, happily still preserved in the Tower of London, and to the noble silver warming-pan presented to him by Captain Beckford on New Year's Day in 1668-9,‡ ends this survey of the considerable quantity of plate acquired by Pepys by gift or purchase, and the plate recorded in his Diary. But many other pieces were added to the Pepys collection between that time and his death. He likewise enriched the Clothworkers' Company in 1677, the year in which he was Master, with a handsome silver cup, enriched with characteristic ornament of the period.

Pepys displayed a real interest in pictures—an interest which dates from his visit to Audley End and from his admiration of Holbein's portrait of Henry VIII there. What was perhaps his first purchase of a picture occurred in July 1660, when he sent Mrs. Pepys to his father's with the sum of five pounds to be expended in buying pictures, at a time when the diarist had saved one hundred pounds. Ever ready to admire pictures, he notices the incomparable collection in the King's closet at Whitehall. From this day onward to the end of his busy life, no opportunity to see works of art escaped his keenness.

For Lely's work he had a discriminating admiration. He praised this artist's portrait of Edward Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich, and quaintly remarks that he is 'with child' until he gets a copy done. Taking the portrait in the absence of Lord Sandwich at sea, to the artist, Emmanuel De Critz, to be copied, he received it within a few weeks, completed to his content. A little later, he bought some pictures, but he does not mention the subject or the artist's name.

That essentially English art of portrait-painting in miniature had in Pepys an ardent admirer. One miniaturist, Salisbury, had painted a portrait of Lord Sandwich, and according to Pepys he had become within two years a great limner.*

At the end of the year, 1661, Pepys was determined to follow the fashion of society and have his portrait and that of his wife painted, and proceeded

* The original 'flagons' have not been traced. A silver tankard, presented to an unknown person by Sir Edmund Godfrey, one of the recipients of a 'flagon' from Charles II, was acquired by the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. This tankard was, however, made in 1673–4 and was not the original piece presented by the King, as stated in one or two books on plate. Another tankard, dated two years later, with a similar inscription, was presented to the borough of Sudbury by Sir Gervase Elwes, M.P. Both these tankards were probably copies of the original 'flagons.'

† The descent of the Dutch fleet on the Thames has been commemorated by pictures, medals, and so forth. Admiral Michael De Ruyter and Cornelis De Witt were presented with gold and enamelled cups, both of which are preserved, one in Amsterdam, the other in Paris.

‡ Probably one of the vase-shaped silver burners to contain charcoal, easily carried in the hand from room to room. Specimens of this period are still extant.

* A miniature portrait of Lord Sandwich, by Samuel Cooper, dated 1659, is in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

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to the studio of Savill in Cheapside to arrange for sittings. He sat for the first time on November 27. Six days later he again visited the artist and had more of his picture done, but at once expressed disappointment with it as not being a good likeness. Mrs. Pepys accompanied him on the third visit for her first sitting. She was painted in the fashionable vogue, with a little black dog in her lap, and the portrait was finished to his satisfaction. To his unconcealed annoyance, Lady Sandwich, while expressing her satisfaction with his own portrait, was much 'offended' with that of Mrs. Pepys. With that petty vanity and touch of snobbishness characteristic of Pepys, he now changed his opinion in compliance with that of the peeress and announced his intention to have the picture altered, and took it back to Savill, who improved it to the satisfaction of Mr. and Mrs. Pepys. Both portraits were hung in his dining-room, which now appears 'very handsome' with all his pictures. Savill was shortly afterwards commissioned to paint a miniature portrait of Pepys himself.

The taste of our diarist for pictures increases daily. Not only was he made acquainted with Samuel Cooper, 'the great limner in little,' but he also visited William Faithorne, the well-known engraver, from whom he bought some pictures, which he proceeded to hang up in his house, spending the whole of a day in doing so. Within a few days he was a visitor at the place of De Critz, already mentioned, and there examined some pictures copied by this artist from pictures attributed to Michael Angelo and Raphael in the collection of Charles II.

Pepys borrowed from De Critz a copy of a portrait of Queen Elizabeth, to hang up in his house. On the same day Pepys met Salisbury, the artist, in the studio of De Critz, and both went to an ale-house in Covent Garden to see a picture offered for sale for the small sum of twenty shillings. Pepys, with the instinct of the bargain-hunter, offered fourteen shillings for a picture which he declared to be worth more, but he did not buy it, giving as a reason that he had no mind to break his oath of frugality. He had just made a vow to abstain from wine and also from theatre-going, a pleasure to which he was much addicted.

As a slave to feminine beauty—more than once was his wife angry for his gadding abroad in search for beauties—and to the charms of the notorious Lady Castlemaine, Pepys was moved to see her portrait by Sir Peter Lely, and to this end made a clandestine arrangement with a menial in the artist's house to see it, but at the moment the picture was not accessible. He was, however, rewarded for his pertinacity by being shown the portrait by Lely himself, exclaiming what a 'most blessed picture!'* From Lely's establishment Pepys proceeded to the place of Joseph Michael Wright, the Scottish painter, recently established in London, but Pepys shared Evelyn's opinion of this artist that he was not a 'considerable artist.'

Pepys was always observant. Whether it was in one of the King's palaces, the Duke of York's residence, or the Duke of Albemarle's, he never passed out without a glance at the objects of art. For example, on Christmas Day in 1662, he walked to Whitehall, intending to receive the Sacrament in the Royal Chapel, but being late, he walked up into the palace and spent his time looking over the pictures, particularly comparing the ships in the 'Voyage of Henry VIII to Boulogne' with those of his own day.

To the number of his acquaintances

* This picture is in the possession of the Earl of Sandwich at Hinchingbrooke.

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among artists must be added the name of Jacob Huysmans, the Dutchman, who, according to Horace Walpole, created himself the Queen's painter and made her sit for every Madonna or Venus that he drew. On one visit he was shown portraits by Huysmans of the Queen as a shepherdess and as St. Catherine, and one of Mrs. Stewart (afterwards Duchess of Richmond), which is still in the Royal collection; and on another visit he appears to have decided to commission the artist to paint a portrait of Mrs. Pepys, herself soon to become a 'limner' under the tuition of one Browne.

Disappointed at the meanness of the dinner at the house of Sir W. Hickes, he found consolation in contemplating the beauty of a picture of the Queen-Mother when young, by Vandyck, at his host's house. Another portrait which he admired was one of the beautiful Mrs. Myddleton, at the house of Evelyn, where he saw for the first time some mezzotints. Frequent visits to the houses of artists are now recorded in the Diary. John Hayls, a rival of Lely, was asked to paint portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, the diarist deciding to be portrayed in an Indian gown, hired for the purpose.* It is odd that he should have selected Hayls, whom he regarded as inferior to Lely, but perhaps Lely was too busy or too expensive. Amusing comments are made in the Diary on Lely's failure, after two or three attempts, to obtain a satisfactory likeness of the Duchess of York.

If the meretricious works of Verrio and Laguerre, artistic giants in the time of Pepys and Evelyn, have not stood the test of time, it is different with the reputation of the miniature portrait painter, Samuel Cooper, from whom Pepys ordered a miniature of his wife. Watching the progress of the work from day to day, he spent a whole afternoon observing the completion of it, whether to the pleasure of the artist or not, Cooper has not left any record. But while the miniature was done to Pepys's 'content,' it did not quite come up to his expectation, as he was dissatisfied with the resemblance and with the blue garment.

One plunge into the purchase of an old master caused Pepys great distress. A painting of the Crucifixion in his possession was produced in evidence that he was a Papist!

The series of portraits of beauties of the Court of Charles II, by Lely, now at Hampton Court, came in for criticism from Pepys, who regarded them as good but 'not like'—a comment often made to-day from the apparent 'sameness' of the pictures.

An audacious attempt by Pepys to buy the celebrated picture by Holbein, 'Henry VIII delivering the Charter to the Barber Surgeons' Company,' deserves notice. With the connivance of Pierce, Surgeon to the King, he had hoped to buy it for the insignificant sum of two hundred pounds, though valued by Pepys himself at one thousand pounds! The critical eye of the bargain-hunter discerned what he considered a defect. 'Not a pleasant, though a good picture,' is his comment; fortunately perhaps for posterity the sale was not consummated and the picture remains to this day in Barber Surgeons' Hall.

His critical faculty came into play when he went to see at the house of a friend a picture of Cleopatra, which had been highly praised by Mrs. Pepys, herself now an artist, but to his chagrin he found it to be a base copy of a good original, and it vexed him to hear it so much commended. One more example of what was perhaps his independent judgment occurred on his

* This picture is in the National Portrait Gallery. Another portrait of Pepys by Hayls, one of his worst works, is at Clothworkers' Hall.

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visit to the place of Robert Streater, Sergeant-Painter to the King, then engaged on a series of paintings for the new theatre at Oxford. All the virtuosos present, including Christopher Wren, the architect, regarded these pictures as better than Rubens's painted ceiling in the Palace of Whitehall. Pepys alone dissented from this view. He said they would look very fine, but not equal to the work of the master.

The landscapes of Jan Looten did not please his taste, but he had a good word to say for Looten for introducing him to Simon Verelst, the Dutch flower-painter — of whom such an entertaining account as the 'God of Flowers' is given by Horace Walpole —who showed him a painting of a flower-pot, excelling anything Pepys had ever seen for the skill in painting the dew on the leaves. The price asked for it was seventy pounds, but here again the bargaining instinct was uppermost, Pepys having the vanity, as he naïvely confesses, to offer the artist twenty pounds for a picture, which he describes as the best of the subject he had ever seen in his life, and worth going twenty miles to see! In his keenness to add this picture to his collection, Pepys visited Verelst on the following day and renewed his offer of twenty pounds — an offer which was accepted, though it is not clear whether the diarist added it to his collection.

Engravings, both English and French, also had an interest for Pepys, and several purchases are recorded in the Diary. His interest was quickened by the study of Grant's collection of prints of the great houses, churches, and antiquities of France and Italy. As an admirer of feminine charms, an engraving of Lady Castlemaine was one of his most cherished possessions. From the engraver, William Faithorne, he made several purchases, including a portrait of Lord Ormonde. He bought a number of engravings by the celebrated French artist, Robert Nanteuil, which had been sent to him specially from France with some French books for his library.

The Diary of Samuel Pepys ends on May 31, 1669. During the thirty-four years which elapsed before his death he made many additions of importance to his collections of pictures and plate, and had acquired, according to Evelyn, a collection of Indian and Chinese curiosities.

The chief interest in this side of the fascinating Diary of Pepys is that he, a man of comparatively humble origin, gifted with keen intelligence and powers of observation, was able to surround himself with objects of art and a great library, unaided by the judgment or prejudices of professional or amateur advisers. True, he was on occasion liable, from a feeling of snobbery, to surrender his taste in conformity with the views of others in a more distinguished social position, such as in the affair of Lady Sandwich, previously mentioned, and in his acceptance of the opinion of Slingsby, Master of the Mint — an opinion shared also by Evelyn — that the new coinage designed by John Roettiers for Charles II was of greater artistic merit than that executed for Cromwell by Thomas Simon, incomparably the greatest of English medalists and designer of the celebrated 'Petition Crown.'

Samuel Pepys resembled Phineas Pett, the celebrated shipbuilder, in his endeavors to keep company with men of greater rank than himself, and was 'a very cherisher of learned men, a worthy, industrious, and curious person, not excelled in England in knowledge of the Navy, ingenious and knowing.' The death of the diarist took place at his noble and wonderfully well-furnished house at Clapham in the year of our Lord 1703.

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[*The Nation*]

OLIVE SCHREINER

'And it was all play, and no one could tell what it had lived and worked for. A striving, and a striving, and an ending in nothing.' Such was the verdict of the girl of nineteen upon human life, as shown in that premature and passionate work of genius, *The Story of an African Farm*. And such, one might think, would be the verdict to-day of the woman who has just died, seeing life becoming more and more a fever and a delirium — 'a tale told by an idiot . . . signifying nothing.' Between that first cry of protest, which startled even the world of languid interest, and was recognized by those who knew as a work of genius, and the calamity of the great destruction at the end, she saw buried all the hopes and fears of men.

Like most men and women of genius, Olive Schreiner was a child of mixed race, German on one side, Scottish Presbyterian on the other. The German overseer in the Karoo, with his gentleness, faithfulness, simple piety, and stories of the snowdrifts and sunshine of South Germany, is the picture of her German missionary father, a vision abhorrent to those who, two years after armistice, still preach hatred and revenge. Olive Schreiner obtained fame when a mere girl with her one great book. She wrote many afterward, like the author of *John Inglesant*, some of which were polemic, like his, some with flashes of the first inspiration, while others, like her book on the woman's question, revealed the power and freedom of her vision of human life. She was driven to take part in politics, and always on the losing side. She maintained interest and effort in the cause of women, which modified that fierce and merciless impeachment of their life which she proclaimed before ever she knew life at all. 'To be born a woman is to be born branded,' was, indeed, the assertion of her later years; but in the earlier, to be born a woman was to be hunted by the Furies. Few writers have ever stamped upon their readers so savage an impression of absolute sincerity. Few, again, so much longing for sympathy and compassion among those who could see under the thin guise of fiction, one who, 'from youth up,' had encountered life's terrors 'with a troubled mind.' It is good to realize that something at least of such happiness as experience can provide came to her who thus journeyed stormily between a sleep and a sleep.

Her great work remains to-day and will endure. We doubt whether there can be any serious challenge of its claim to be the greatest book written by a woman since *Wuthering Heights*. And it is doubtful if, in its sureness of touch, its sincerity, and its quality of smouldering passion and fury, it does not surpass even that manifestation of human emotion. The South African farm was no more relevant to the one than the Yorkshire dales to the other. There is a background of a certain local color, the isolation, the beasts and birds, the desert, the tiny settlement: all under the glare of the African sunlight or the magic of the African moon. But it would have been as sensible for Thoreau to have called *Walden* 'A picnic by a pond,' or Carlyle to call *Sartor* 'Memories of a Scottish Village.' The interest is entirely of the soul. The struggle is that of human will against human will, and of human will against the implacable forces outside it which tear and rend it and mock at it, and leave it beaten, if still protesting. Shakespeare would have put this struggle upon the sea-coasts of Bohemia, or the Kingdom of Denmark. Meredith (who first recognized Olive Schreiner's genius), in the smugness

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and comfort of nineteenth-century England. This woman has shown it in the midst of the desolation and loneliness of one tiny speck of life in a wilderness; where two or three boys and girls, and, later, men and women, find themselves alone with God and their own souls. In this loneliness, the writer attacks three of the accepted orthodoxies — the Protestant religion, the position of woman, the conventional optimism of human life. The first, perhaps, caused most sensation at the time her work was published, and even led to a rebuke from Gladstone in an otherwise unqualified eulogy.

Nearly forty years have passed and this attack has ceased to terrify. Indeed, men to-day would be more surprised at the appearance of a defender than of an assailant. But the attempts of Waldo to demand that fire shall descend from heaven upon the dinner that he is offering to God, the struggle of Lyndall from the first belief in a terrible Deity of destruction and revenge through the comfort of conversion to the love of Jesus, to a final, hard, stern rejection of anything but belief in a survival of the all, while the individual perishes, is the record of the experience of a generation whose religion has fallen to pieces, and is still only half-conscious that it is dead. The revolt against the position of woman by this astonishing child is not really concerned with equality of rights or citizenship, or even equality of respect between one sex and another. Lyndall makes much of these superficial injustices. She knows that only her beauty and her charm give her the so-called respect of men. She knows that if she is ugly or when she is old, that respect will be withheld.

But her controversy is not really with men's treatment of womanhood, but with womanhood as created by Providence or Nature of God. Three men are in love with her. The one worships with a kind of dumb and animal-like devotion which kills him when he hears of her death; another meets her with a triumphant passion which offers her all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and simply cannot understand the meaning of her refusal. A third merely asks to serve her without reward, becomes nurse to her as she lies dying at the end, content if only allowed to do some service to that. fragile, tormented body, and telling the story dully at the end —'What difference does it make to me if I talk or am silent; is there any change?'

No girl could have been given more. But she is in revolt against the elementary disability of womanhood; not only the coarseness and cruelty of man to woman, and the pitless cruelty of woman to woman, but the cruelty of whatever blind or idiot hands have made woman; a drudge, a desire, a thing of chance and circumstance, torn by the outward irony of life and inward unsatisfied longing.

And the last, the attack on life itself, belongs more especially perhaps to the young. It is revealed in the poetry which is the especial poetry of the young. 'Lift not the painted veil that men call life,' cries Shelley. 'Here where men sit and hear each other groan,' is the reply of his Adonais. The sudden encounter of life, with its boundless aspiration, with the realization of what little it can give, has been the cause of the cry of every generation, since Bion wrote over the grave of Moschus 'To man there comes no second spring.' This girl faced it with defiant determination upon nothing but reality. Like George Eliot, she determined to 'do without opium.' Like Schopenhauer, she saw that death was merely playing with life like a cat with a mouse, and was bound ultimately to win. With Stevenson's Will of the Mill

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she discovered that we were 'in a rat-trap.' In this remote, sleepy, comfortable South African farm she saw that change and death were stabbing human happiness, and that no help cometh from the hills. For each individual, lies in wait a great weariness and a great loneliness. The boy and girl cherish dreams, they are battered and baffled by life; compelled to submission to an idiot scrawl across the sky, prisoners in the hands of death.

There is no gush about it, there is no rhetoric in it, there is no false sentiment in it. She cuts to the bone, showing just what this painted veil looks like when growing youth has first realized that it can but 'strut and fret its hour' upon a stage where the reason is doubtful and the end is sure. Of 'the method of the life we all lead,' she says in her preface, 'nothing can be prophesied. There is a strange coming and going of feet. Men appear, act, and react upon each other, and pass away. When the crisis comes, the man who would fit it does not return. When the curtain falls no one is ready. When the footlights are brightest they are blown out. And what the name of the play is no one knows. If there sits a spectator who knows, he sits so high that the players in the gaslight cannot hear his breathing.'

It is the protest of youth against life itself. That protest will endure while life endures; unless and until some new religion gathers up into a defiant assertion of man's supremacy over dead things the conviction that man's will triumphs at the last. It is given on that limited scene with humor, with keen observation, with restraint, and that incalculable element of genius which makes, for example, the death of Lyndall an immortal scene in literature. Olive Schreiner in this book, as Bagehot's old lady said of Thackeray, is an 'uncomfortable' writer. In her observation she resembles Mr. Arnold Bennett. Tant' Sannie is only Auntie Hamps emigrated to South Africa, Bonaparte Blenkins is George Cannon with a more exuberant rascality, Gregory is Edwin Clayhanger with a little more tenderness, and Lyndall herself a Hilda Lessways who has become self-conscious instead of drifting through a universe, accepted, instead of defied.

The cry of Lyndall is the cry of one who protests alike against life and its ending; who endeavors to obtain in love escape from life; who can declare at the end with the heroine of the American poet, 'I hungered so for life. I thirsted so for love.' 'The gods,' whether of intelligence, malignancy, chance, or necessity, 'the gods are strong, and men should be very pitiful.' Olive Schreiner lived in an age when even that pitifulness had been forgotten by humanity. She saw first the outbreak of corruption and ruffianism submerging South Africa, and then, later, the whole world falling to pieces, with mercy and pity denied. After forty years of such a vision of night and darkness, the very appetite of life may have been abandoned. 'Blessed are the dead,— Even so saith the spirit — For they rest from their labors — And their works do follow them.'

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[*The Nation*]

A MEXICAN PIECE

BY O. S.

'Ah! Que bonitos
Son los enanos,
Los chiquititos,
Y Mejicanos.'
Old Mexican Song.

How jolly are the dwarfs, the little ones, the Mexicans,
Hidden by the singing of wind through sugar-cane,
Out comes the pretty one,
Out comes the ugly one,
Out comes the dwarf with the wicked smile and thin.

The little women caper and simper and flutter fans,
The little men laugh, stamp, strut and stamp again,
Dance to the bagpipe drone
Of insect semitone
Swelling from ground slashed with light like zebra skin.

The little Cardinal, the humming-bird, whose feathers flare
Like flame across the valley of volcanic stone,
Like an arrow from a rainbow
That the armored plants have lain low,
Stops to watch the dwarfs as they dance out of sight.

Hair long and black as jet, is floating yet on amber air,
Honey-shaded by the shadow of Popacatapetl's cone;
Their fluttering rebozos
Like purple-petal'd roses
Fall through tropic din with a clatter of light.

The crooked dwarf now ripples the strings of a mandoline,
His floating voice has wings that brush us like a butterfly;
Music fills the mountains
With a riot of fountains
That spray back on the hot plain like a waterfall.

Smaller grow the dwarfs, singing 'I'll bring shoes of satin,'
Smaller they grow, fade to golden motes, then die.
Where is the pretty one,
Where is the ugly one,
Where is that tongue of flame, the little Cardinal?

[*The Nation*]

WITH WHAT STRONG SURGE OF PASSION

BY SUSAN MILES

With what strong surge of passion are we moved
When noble hearts we've loved are nobler proved!
You'd neither sought to hide,
Nor to display,
The wound I chanced upon in you today.
The hurt was healed, the hand that hurt forgiven,
Anger in you had died,
Before I knew,
Before I even had begun to guess,
How blundering words had riven
Your valorousness.
What glowing love of you,
What pride, what shame,
Welled strong within and swift!
And I could only stand dumb and wet-eyed,
Helpless, with cheeks aflame
And wits adrift.
How overwhelming is love's passionate surge
When noble hearts our meaner spirits urge!

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The Boston News Bureau Says:

. . . nothing can convey the frightfulness of famine like that humped figure in the lower corner of China's cipher of appeal.

Get a Famine Fund Card, every man who has felt a little hunger and can grasp what it is to starve! Get a Famine Fund Card, every woman who appreciates the bringing of human life into the world and the bitterness of its premature destruction! Get a Famine Fund Card for the office, the factory, the shop, the lodging, the home. Let it be a fitting proof of heed for the words of Christ: 'I was hungry and ye gave me to eat.' Get a Famine Fund Card, and **study the stooping man.**

There are thousands of persons whom the committee can reach only through this advertisement of the unique 'Hunger Card.' It bears the Chinese symbol for hunger, and a complete explanation of the interesting symbol. Buy a 'Hunger Card' and place it in your window.

We appeal to you to answer this emergency call from starving China by using the attached coupon. Let every window in America blaze forth its message of hope to the dying inhabitants of a friendly nation.

CUT THIS OUT AND MAIL IT WITH YOUR CHECK TODAY

China Famine Fund, 8 Arlington Street, Boston.

I enclose $.....Please send me.....Hunger Cards ($1.00 each) and.....Life Saving Stamps (3c each) for distribution among my friends. I will hang a Card in my window.

Name.....

L.A. Address.....

NEW ENGLAND CHINA FAMINE FUND COMMITTEE
8 Arlington Street, Boston 17

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